Tamara Picardo

"Alchemy of pain"



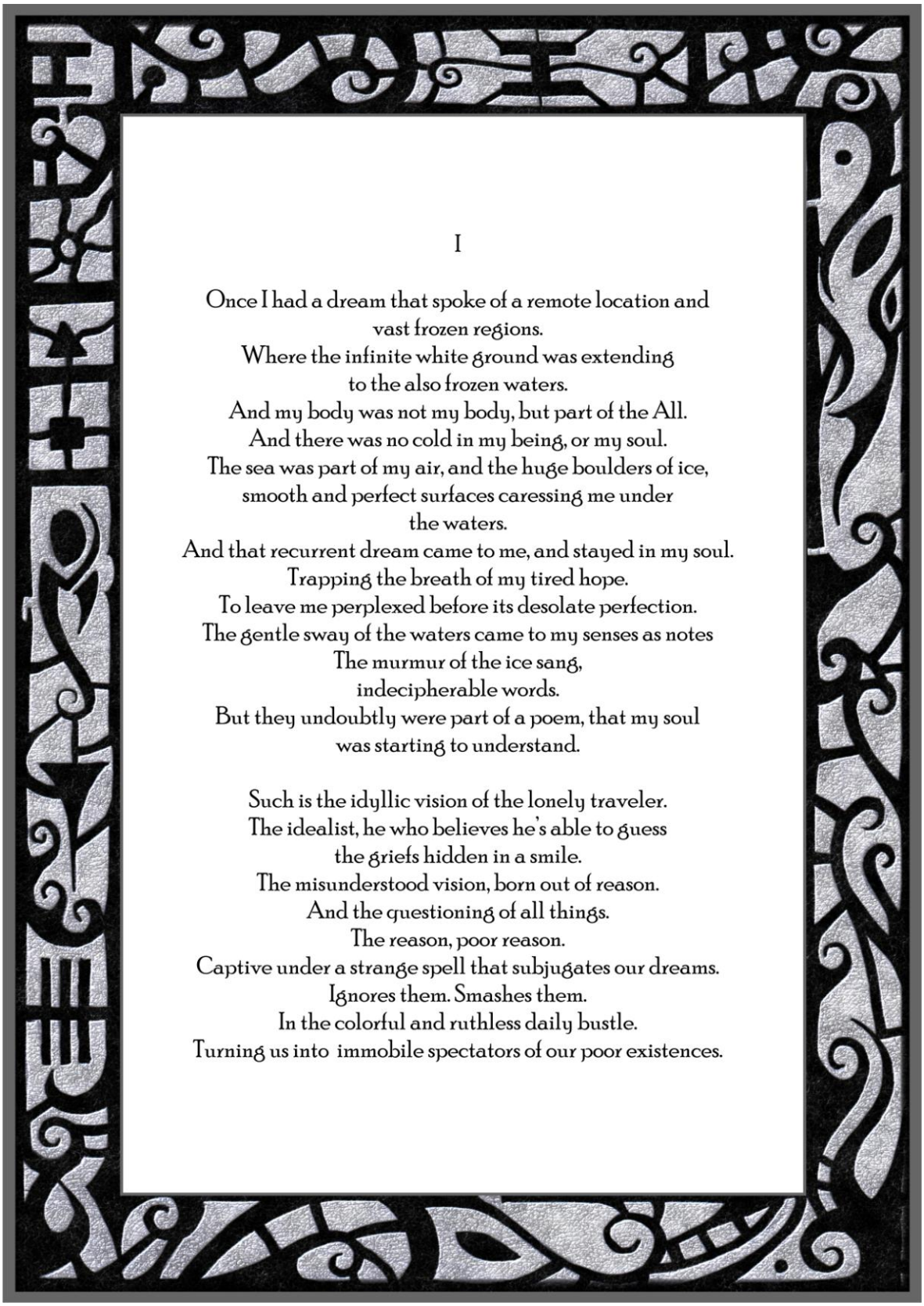
"Alchemy of pain"



Tamara Picardo
Oulu, Finland.
2016



ISBN #: 978-1-365-37406-7
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Translation corrections by Pedro Ceriotti.

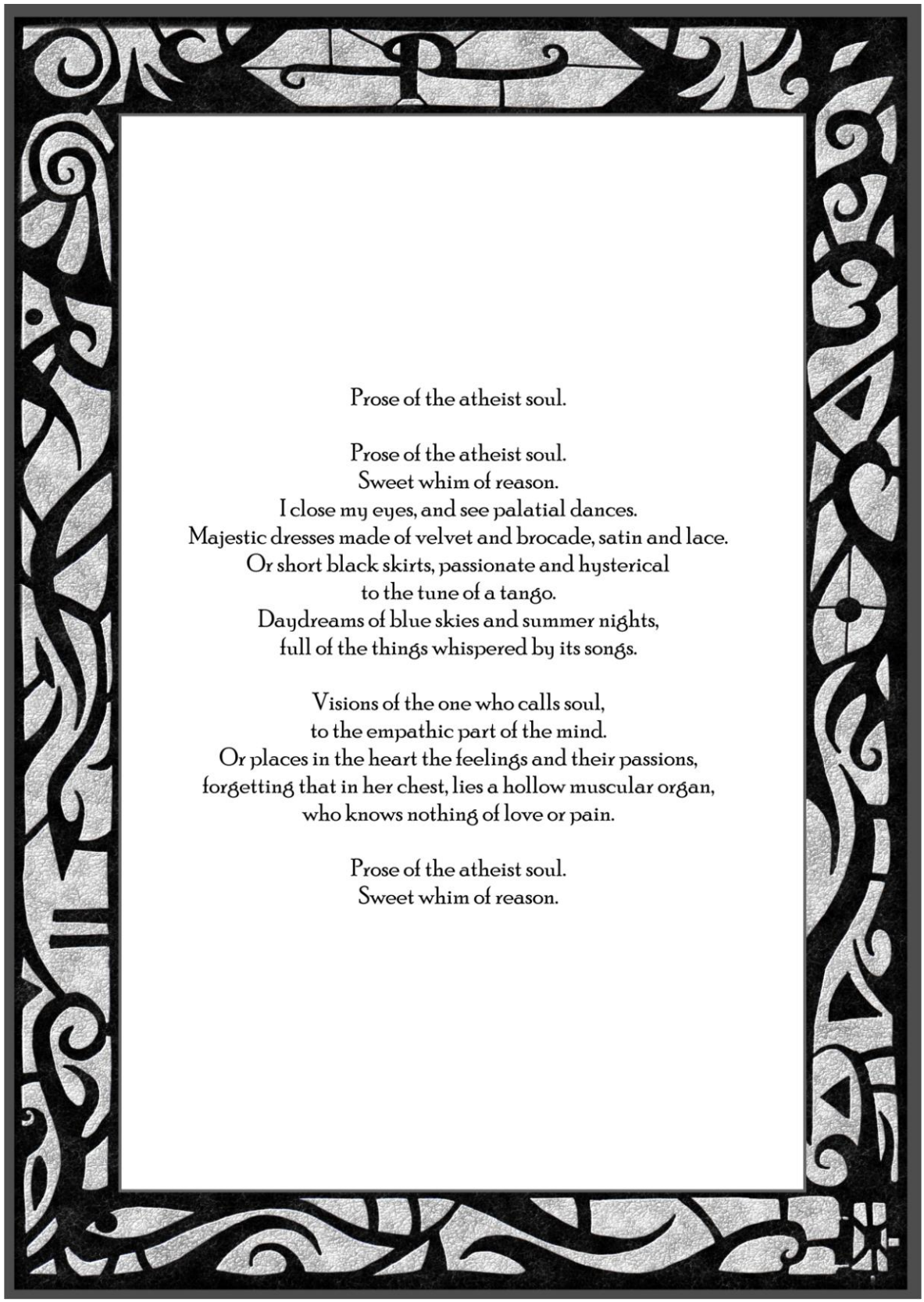


I

Once I had a dream that spoke of a remote location and
vast frozen regions.
Where the infinite white ground was extending
to the also frozen waters.
And my body was not my body, but part of the All.
And there was no cold in my being, or my soul.
The sea was part of my air, and the huge boulders of ice,
smooth and perfect surfaces caressing me under
the waters.
And that recurrent dream came to me, and stayed in my soul.
Trapping the breath of my tired hope.
To leave me perplexed before its desolate perfection.
The gentle sway of the waters came to my senses as notes
The murmur of the ice sang,
indecipherable words.
But they undoubtly were part of a poem, that my soul
was starting to understand.

Such is the idyllic vision of the lonely traveler.
The idealist, he who believes he's able to guess
the griefs hidden in a smile.
The misunderstood vision, born out of reason.
And the questioning of all things.
The reason, poor reason.
Captive under a strange spell that subjugates our dreams.
Ignores them. Smashes them.
In the colorful and ruthless daily bustle.
Turning us into immobile spectators of our poor existences.





Prose of the atheist soul.

Prose of the atheist soul.
Sweet whim of reason.
I close my eyes, and see palatial dances.
Majestic dresses made of velvet and brocade, satin and lace.
Or short black skirts, passionate and hysterical
to the tune of a tango.
Daydreams of blue skies and summer nights,
full of the things whispered by its songs.

Visions of the one who calls soul,
to the empathic part of the mind.
Or places in the heart the feelings and their passions,
forgetting that in her chest, lies a hollow muscular organ,
who knows nothing of love or pain.

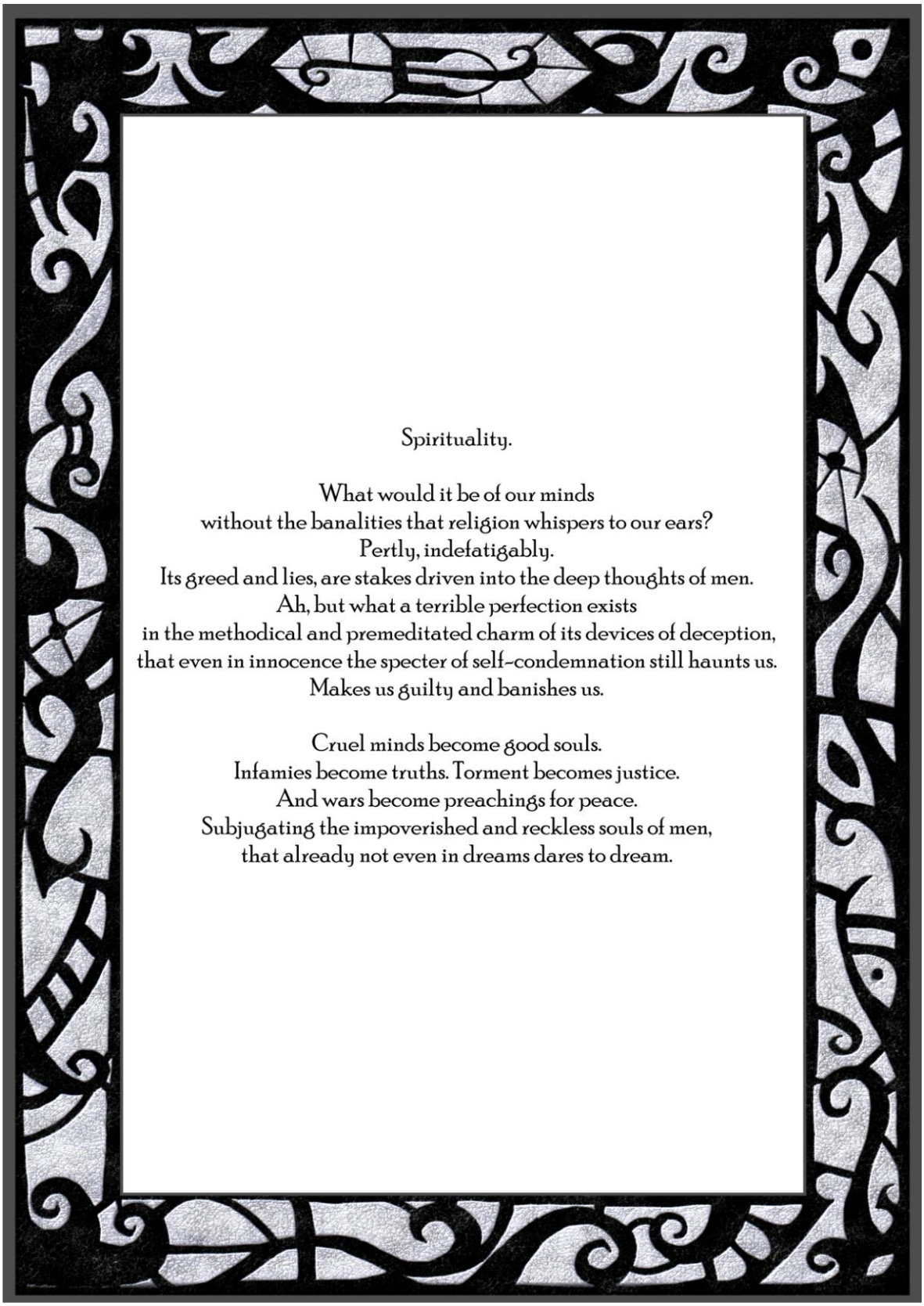
Prose of the atheist soul.
Sweet whim of reason.



Propaganda.

Abstract images of a sickening reality,
with all its cruelty, ruthless images,
under sighs of indulgence become nothing.
Vile machinery, promoter of infamies, lying to us,
convinces us and transforms us into nothing.
Only for the infinite persistence, of the greed of a few.
And the blood becomes water,
and screams become unintelligible noises.
words turn into the monotone mutterings
of those who die ripped to pieces.
To stop being and becoming part of some fiction,
in some low budget movie.





Spirituality.

What would it be of our minds
without the banalities that religion whispers to our ears?
Pertly, indefatigably.
Its greed and lies, are stakes driven into the deep thoughts of men.
Ah, but what a terrible perfection exists
in the methodical and premeditated charm of its devices of deception,
that even in innocence the specter of self-condemnation still haunts us.
Makes us guilty and banishes us.

Cruel minds become good souls.
Infamies become truths. Torment becomes justice.
And wars become preachings for peace.
Subjugating the impoverished and reckless souls of men,
that already not even in dreams dares to dream.

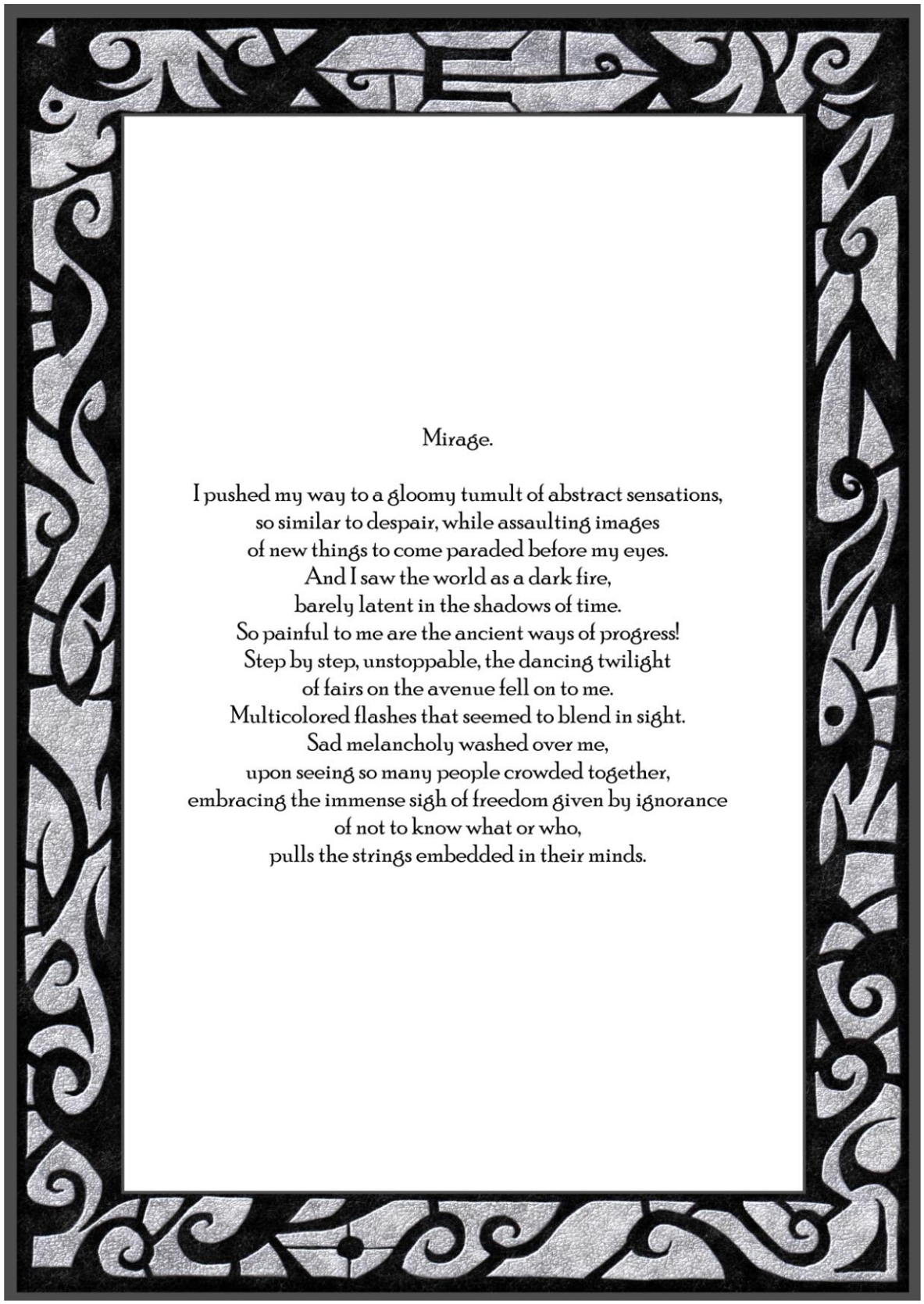


Humanity.

How can it be that we are what we are?
Of what bloody nightmare was our essence created?
Blackened mixture of particles of cosmic dust,
confusing and infamous, morbid in its gestation and yet
so full of flashes of utopias.
And at the same time full of nothing and its sorrows.
Sentenced to this void, without suspicions of reason.
Although the whole reason is no more than a mere invention.

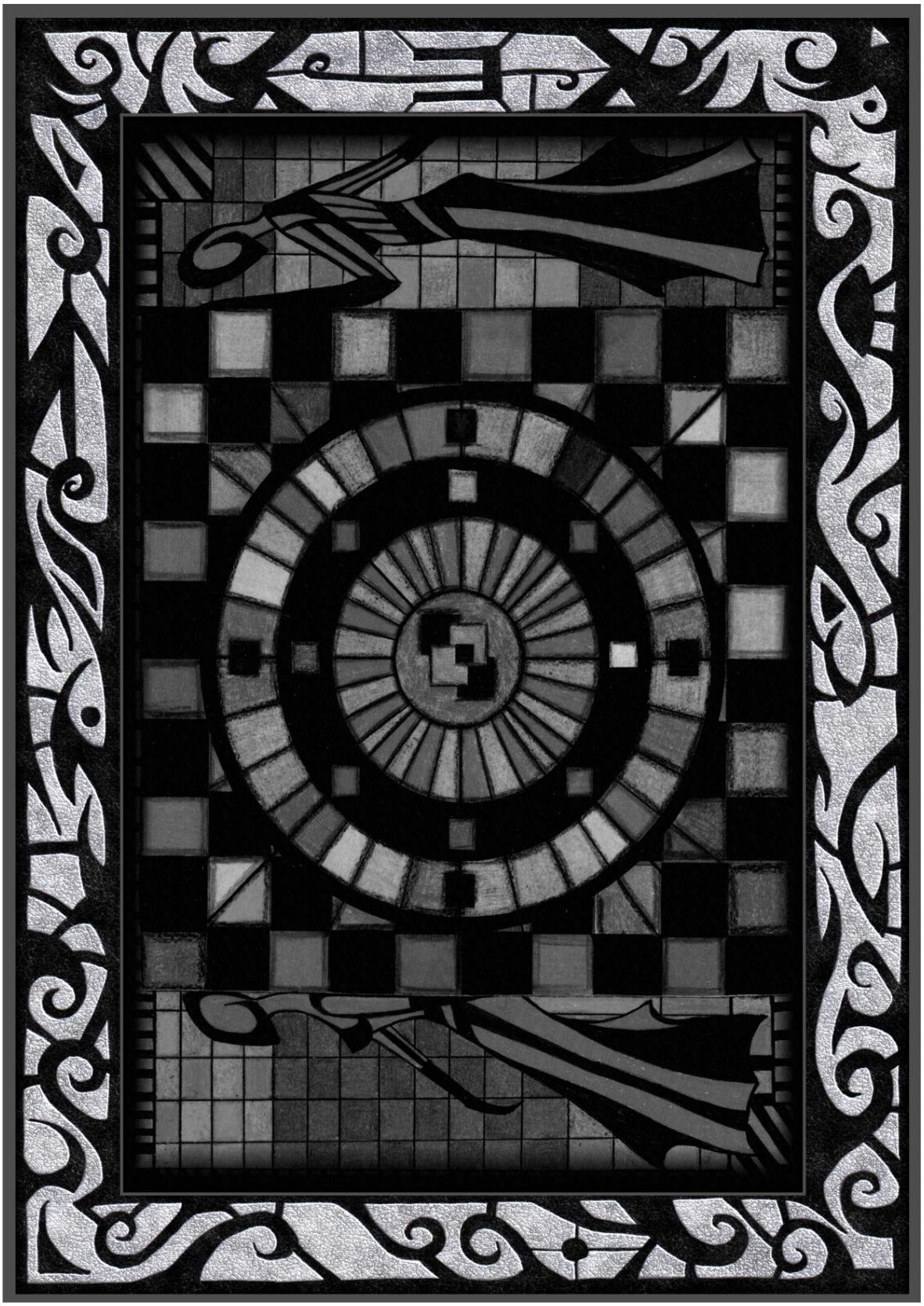
Guilt oppresses us and yet remains foreign.
Even in the most heroic effort lacks real action.
Is it possible that we believe we deserve something?
Shame and only shame.

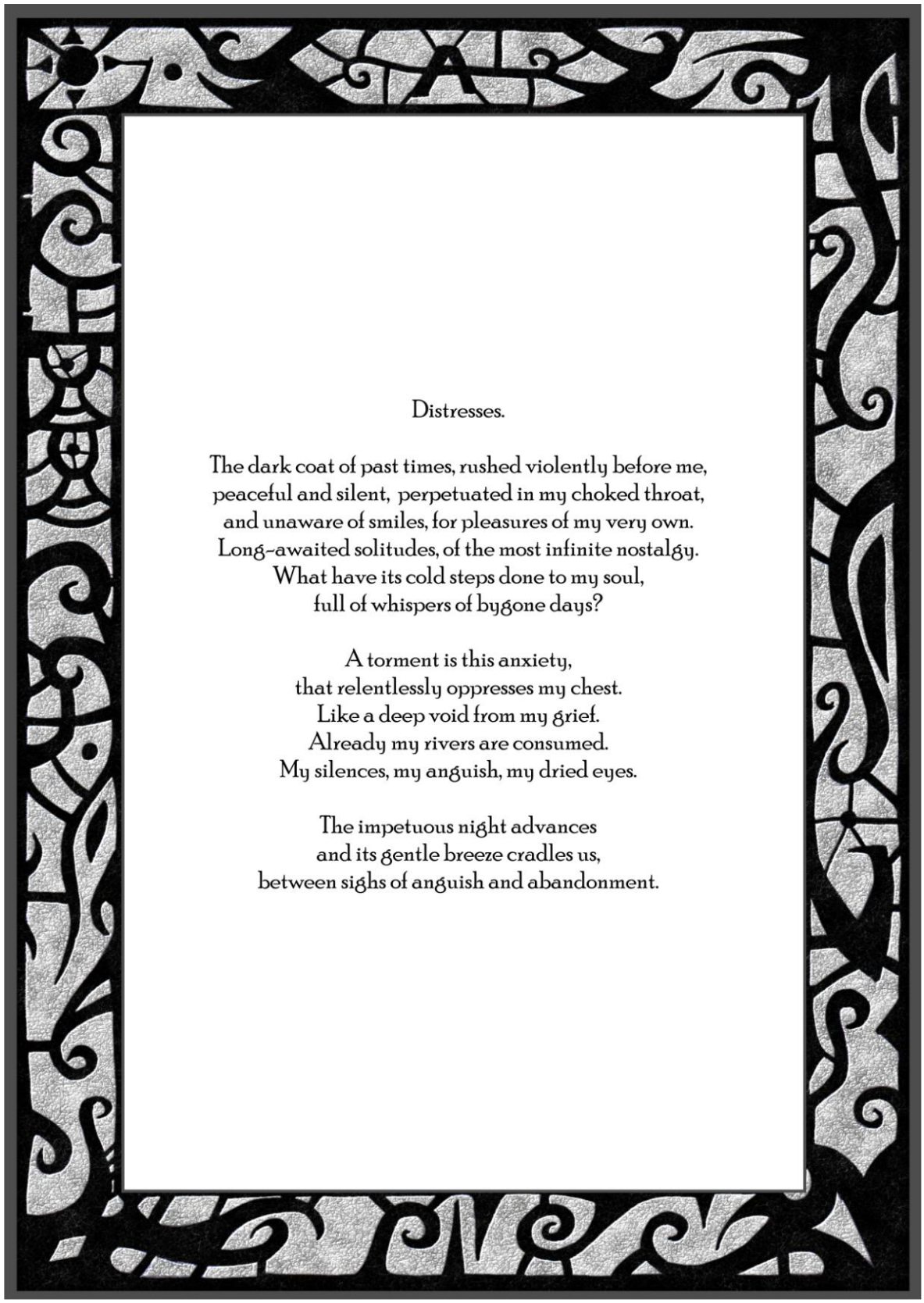




Mirage.

I pushed my way to a gloomy tumult of abstract sensations,
so similar to despair, while assaulting images
of new things to come paraded before my eyes.
And I saw the world as a dark fire,
barely latent in the shadows of time.
So painful to me are the ancient ways of progress!
Step by step, unstoppable, the dancing twilight
of fairs on the avenue fell on to me.
Multicolored flashes that seemed to blend in sight.
Sad melancholy washed over me,
upon seeing so many people crowded together,
embracing the immense sigh of freedom given by ignorance
of not to know what or who,
pulls the strings embedded in their minds.





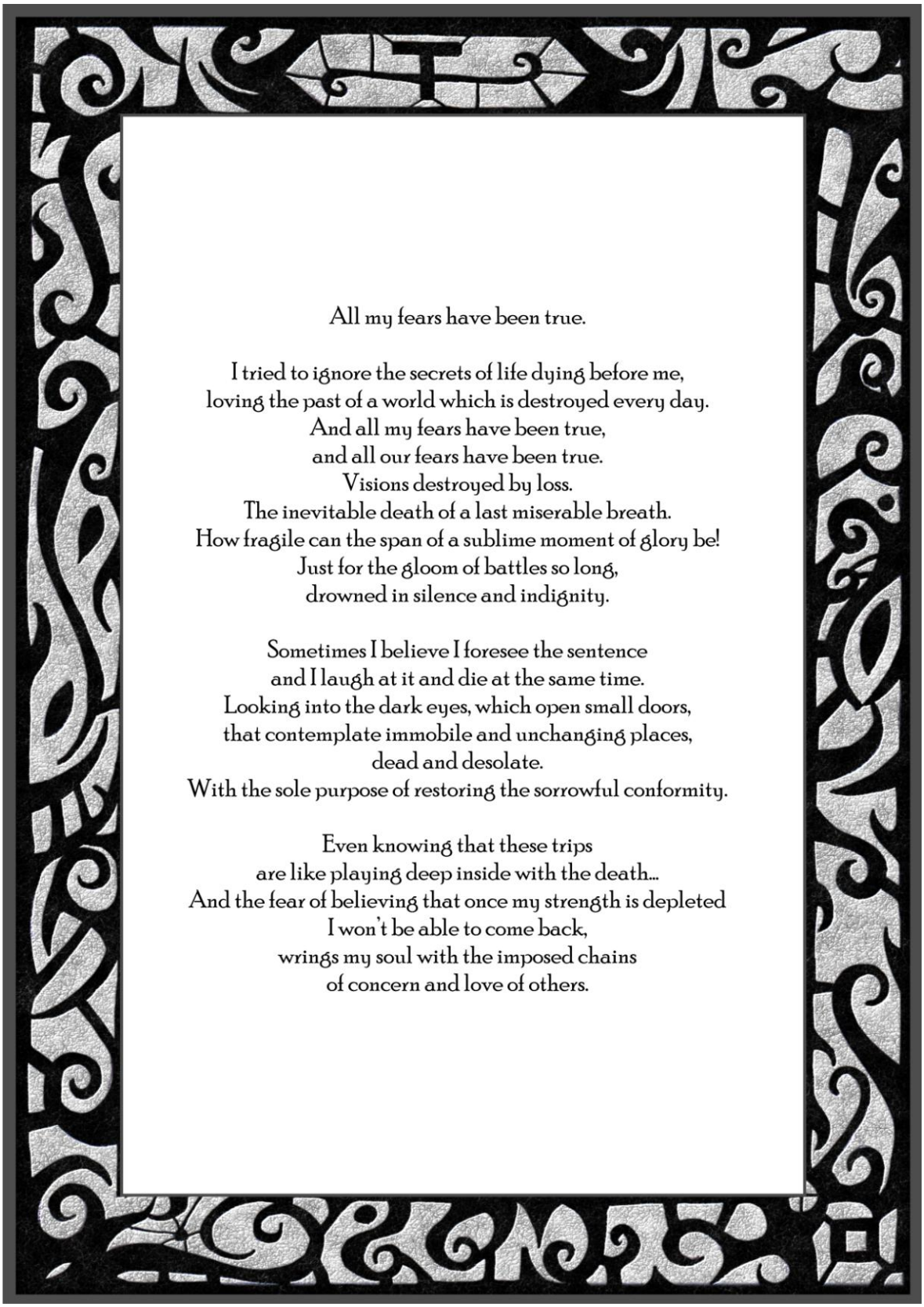
Distresses.

The dark coat of past times, rushed violently before me,
peaceful and silent, perpetuated in my choked throat,
and unaware of smiles, for pleasures of my very own.
Long-awaited solitudes, of the most infinite nostalgy.
What have its cold steps done to my soul,
full of whispers of bygone days?

A torment is this anxiety,
that relentlessly oppresses my chest.
Like a deep void from my grief.
Already my rivers are consumed.
My silences, my anguish, my dried eyes.

The impetuous night advances
and its gentle breeze cradles us,
between sighs of anguish and abandonment.





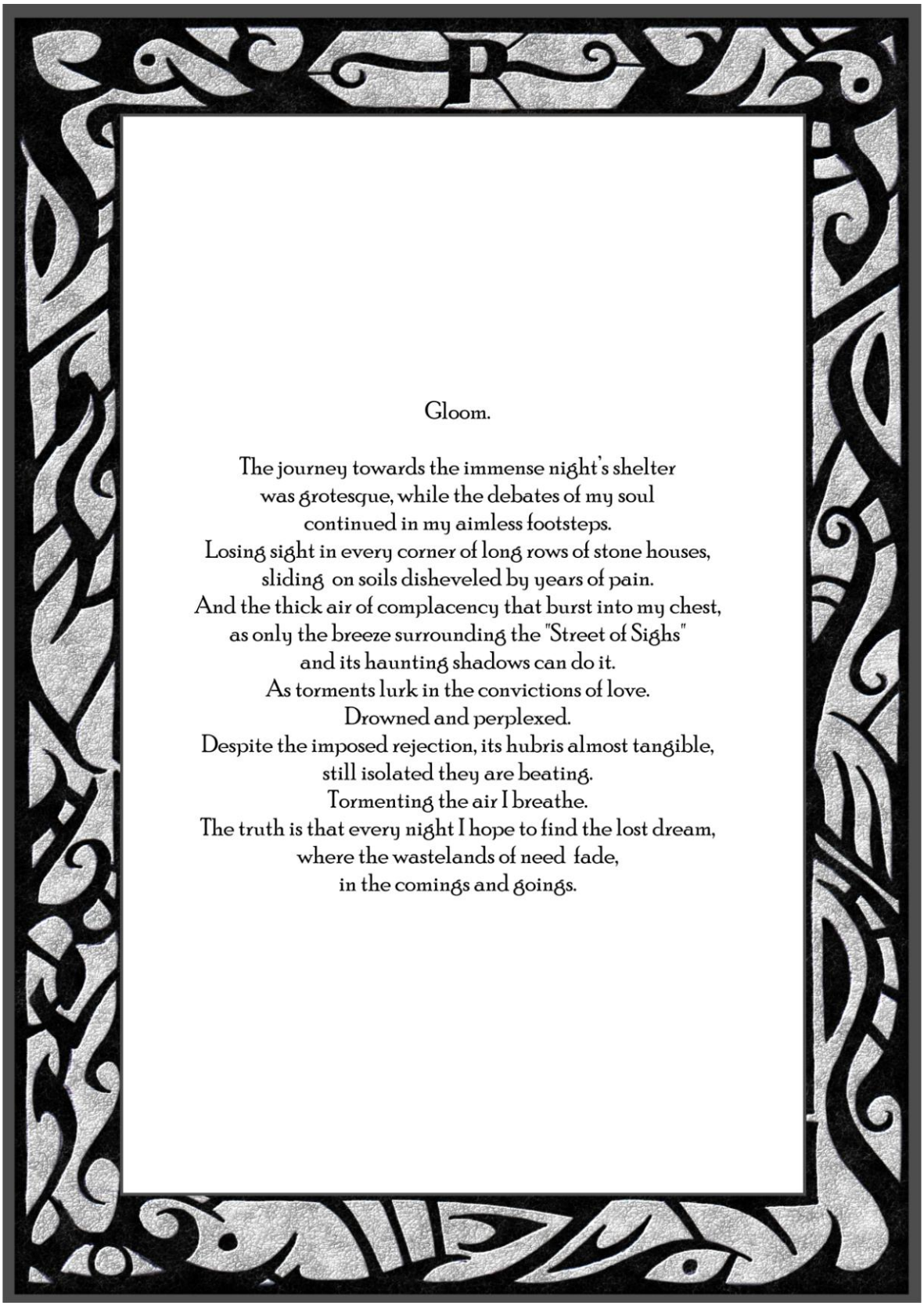
All my fears have been true.

I tried to ignore the secrets of life dying before me,
loving the past of a world which is destroyed every day.
And all my fears have been true,
and all our fears have been true.
Visions destroyed by loss.
The inevitable death of a last miserable breath.
How fragile can the span of a sublime moment of glory be!
Just for the gloom of battles so long,
drowned in silence and indignity.

Sometimes I believe I foresee the sentence
and I laugh at it and die at the same time.
Looking into the dark eyes, which open small doors,
that contemplate immobile and unchanging places,
dead and desolate.
With the sole purpose of restoring the sorrowful conformity.

Even knowing that these trips
are like playing deep inside with the death...
And the fear of believing that once my strength is depleted
I won't be able to come back,
wrings my soul with the imposed chains
of concern and love of others.

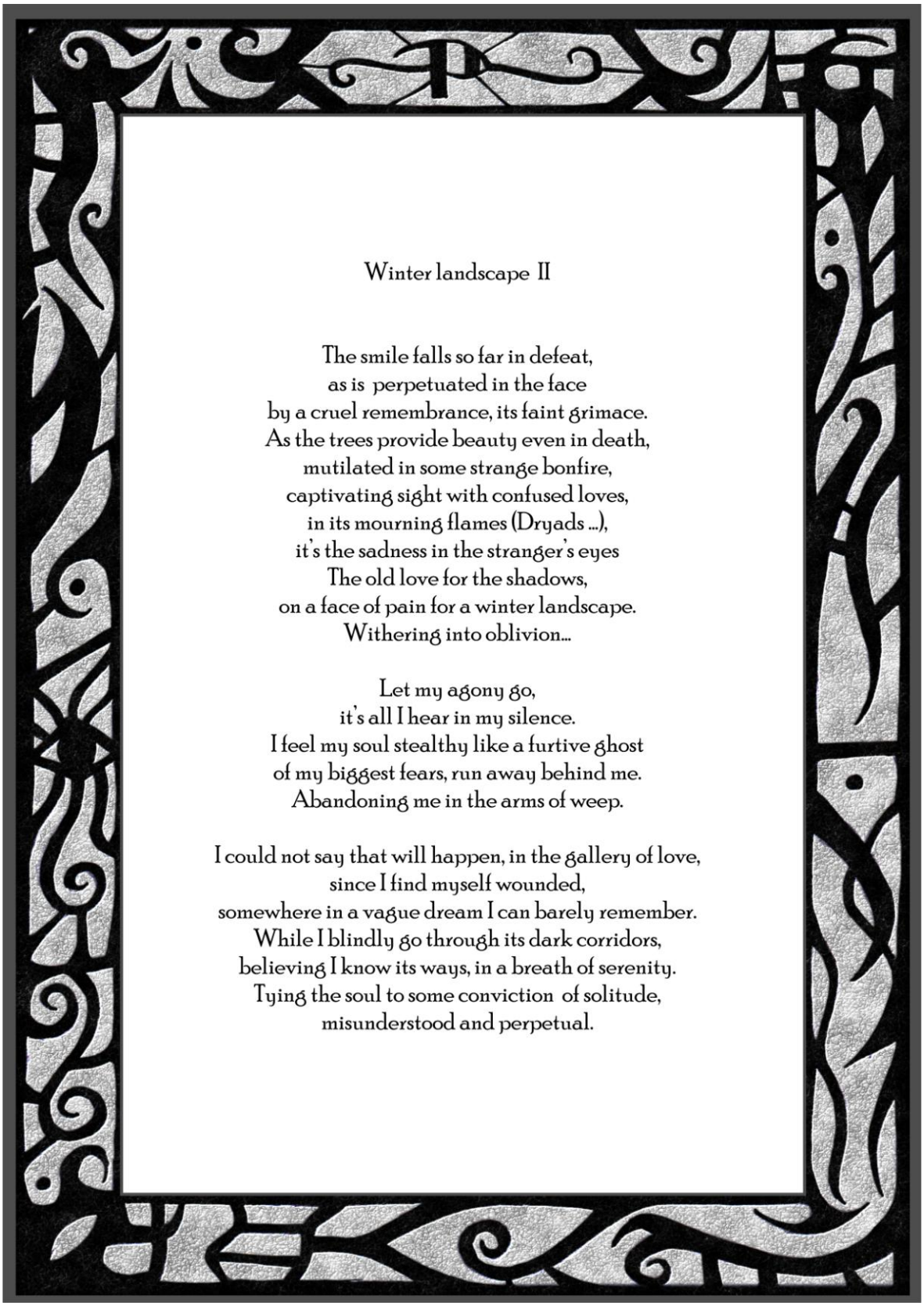




Gloom.

The journey towards the immense night's shelter
was grotesque, while the debates of my soul
continued in my aimless footsteps.
Losing sight in every corner of long rows of stone houses,
sliding on soils disheveled by years of pain.
And the thick air of complacency that burst into my chest,
as only the breeze surrounding the "Street of Sighs"
and its haunting shadows can do it.
As torments lurk in the convictions of love.
Drowned and perplexed.
Despite the imposed rejection, its hubris almost tangible,
still isolated they are beating.
Tormenting the air I breathe.
The truth is that every night I hope to find the lost dream,
where the wastelands of need fade,
in the comings and goings.


LOS
SUSPIROS



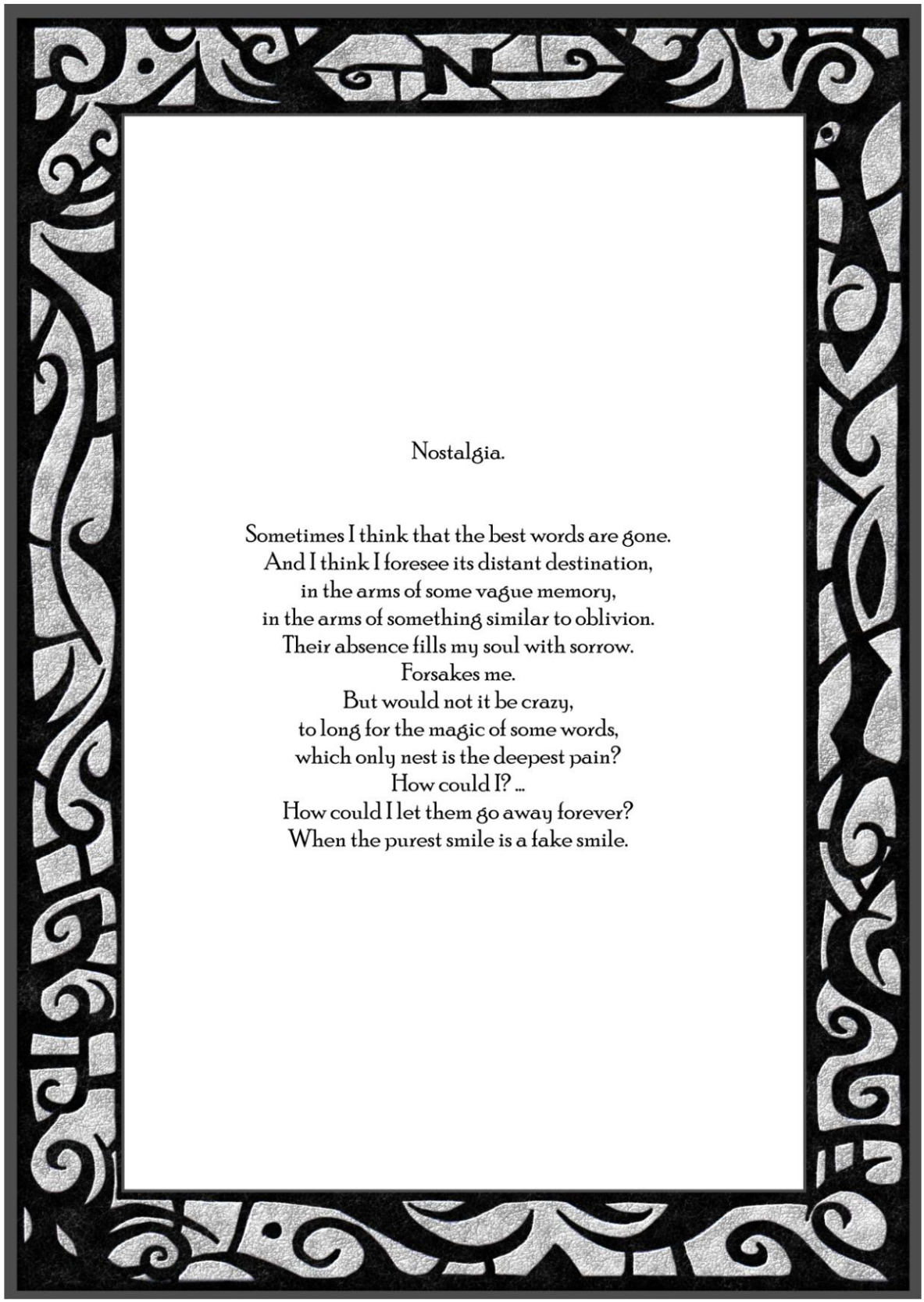
Winter landscape II

The smile falls so far in defeat,
as is perpetuated in the face
by a cruel remembrance, its faint grimace.
As the trees provide beauty even in death,
mutilated in some strange bonfire,
captivating sight with confused loves,
in its mourning flames (Dryads ...),
it's the sadness in the stranger's eyes
The old love for the shadows,
on a face of pain for a winter landscape.
Withering into oblivion...

Let my agony go,
it's all I hear in my silence.
I feel my soul stealthy like a furtive ghost
of my biggest fears, run away behind me.
Abandoning me in the arms of weep.

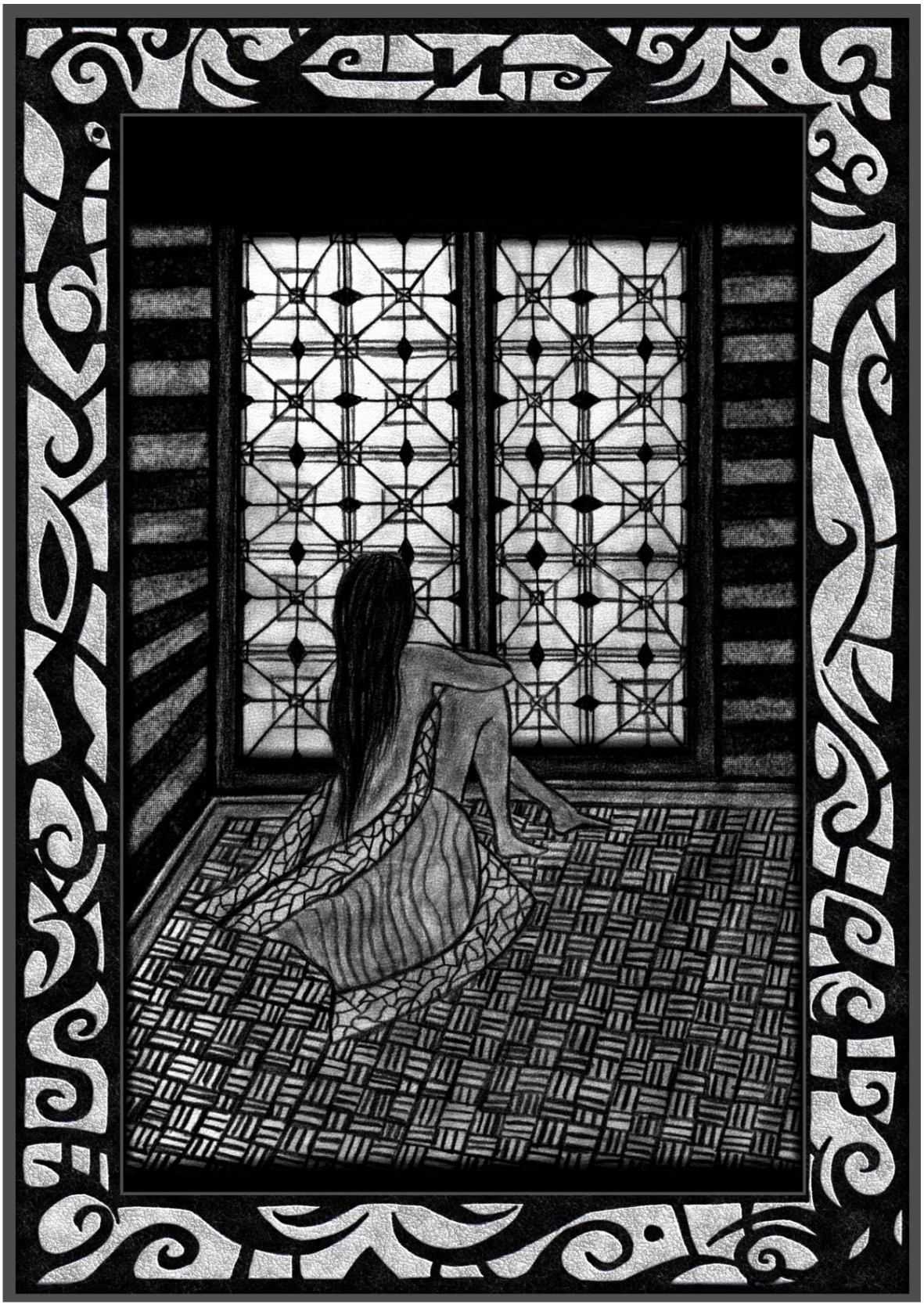
I could not say that will happen, in the gallery of love,
since I find myself wounded,
somewhere in a vague dream I can barely remember.
While I blindly go through its dark corridors,
believing I know its ways, in a breath of serenity.
Tying the soul to some conviction of solitude,
misunderstood and perpetual.

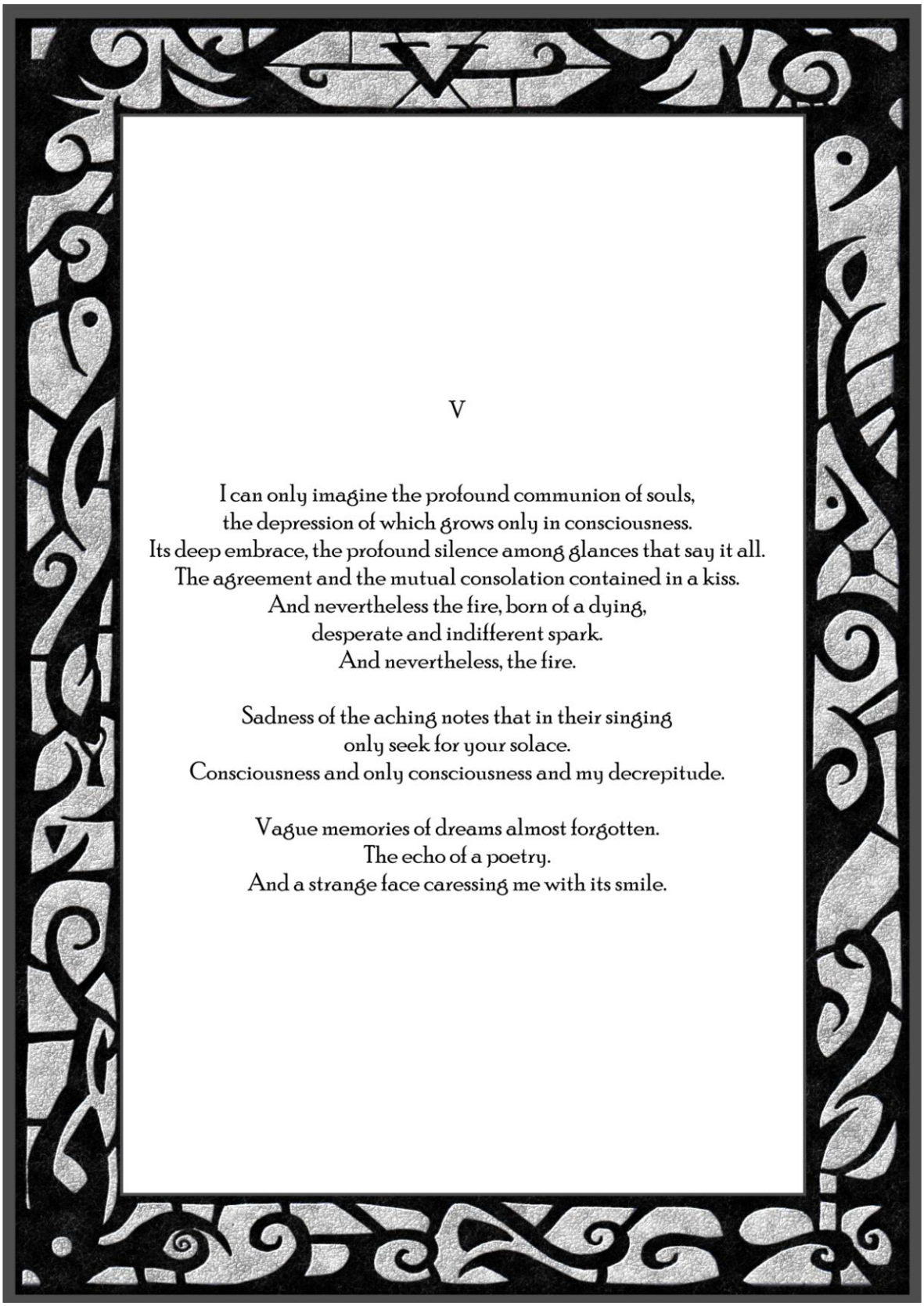




Nostalgia.

Sometimes I think that the best words are gone.
And I think I foresee its distant destination,
in the arms of some vague memory,
in the arms of something similar to oblivion.
Their absence fills my soul with sorrow.
Forsakes me.
But would not it be crazy,
to long for the magic of some words,
which only nest is the deepest pain?
How could I? ...
How could I let them go away forever?
When the purest smile is a fake smile.



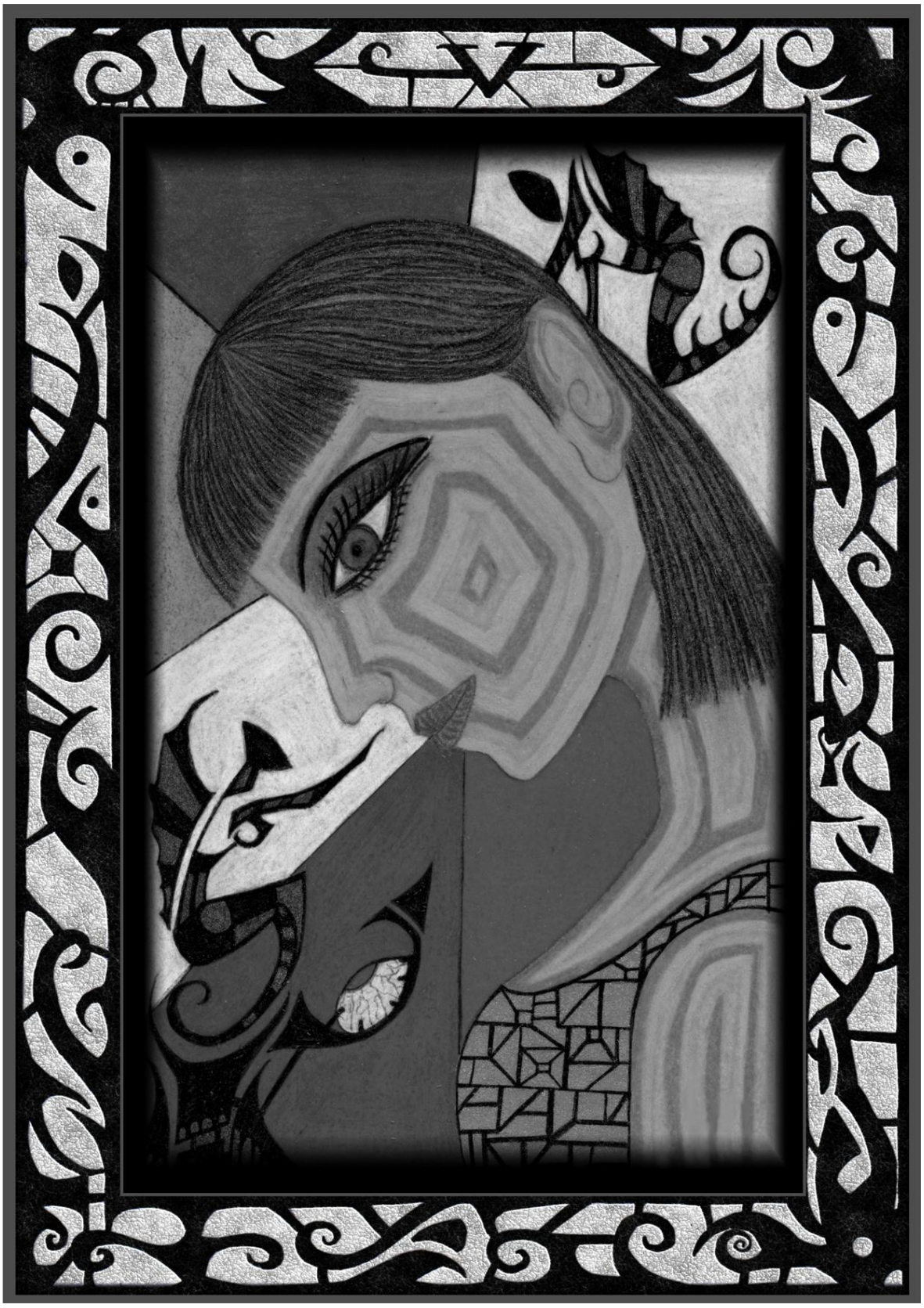


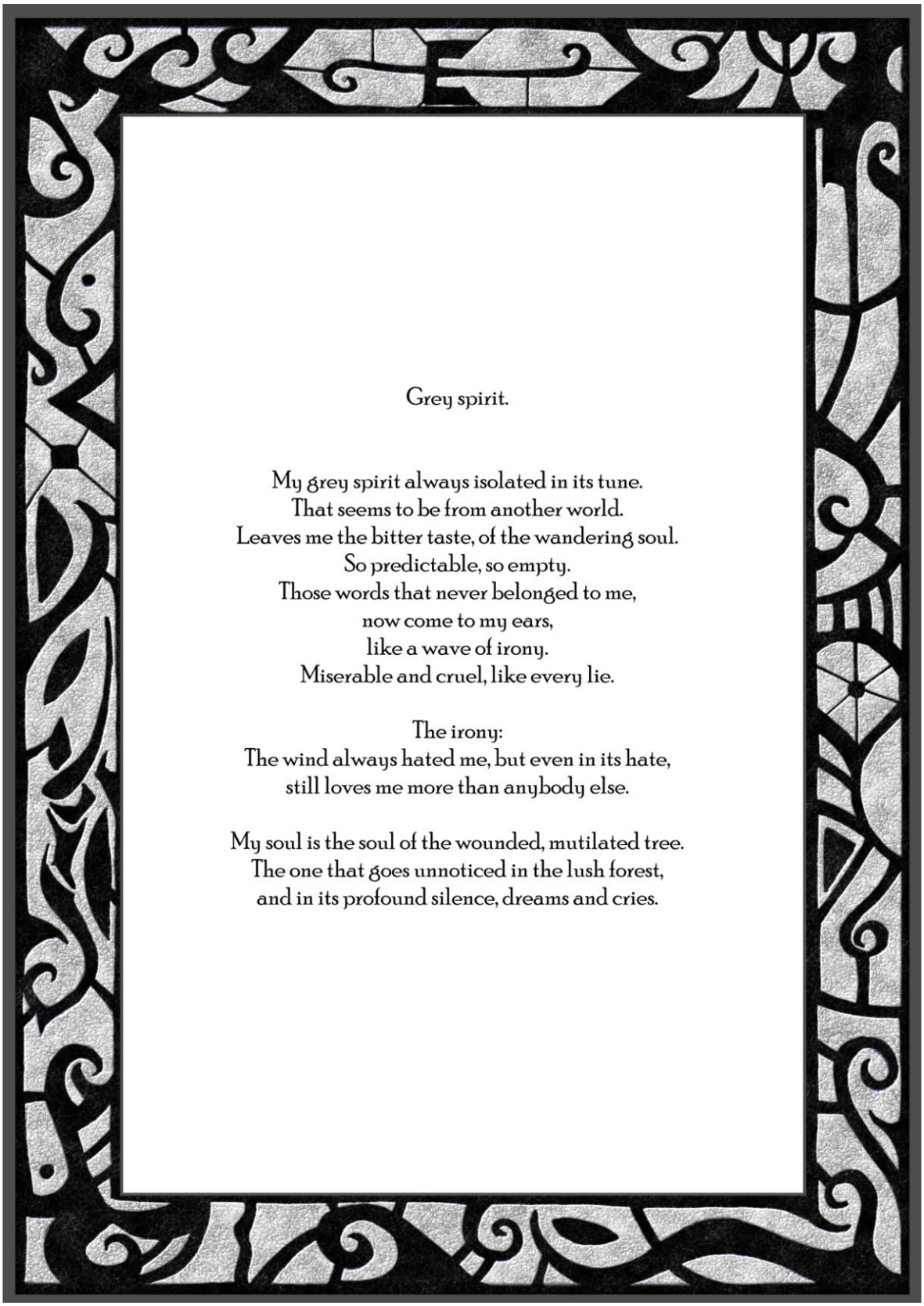
V

I can only imagine the profound communion of souls,
the depression of which grows only in consciousness.
Its deep embrace, the profound silence among glances that say it all.
The agreement and the mutual consolation contained in a kiss.
And nevertheless the fire, born of a dying,
desperate and indifferent spark.
And nevertheless, the fire.

Sadness of the aching notes that in their singing
only seek for your solace.
Consciousness and only consciousness and my decrepitude.

Vague memories of dreams almost forgotten.
The echo of a poetry.
And a strange face caressing me with its smile.





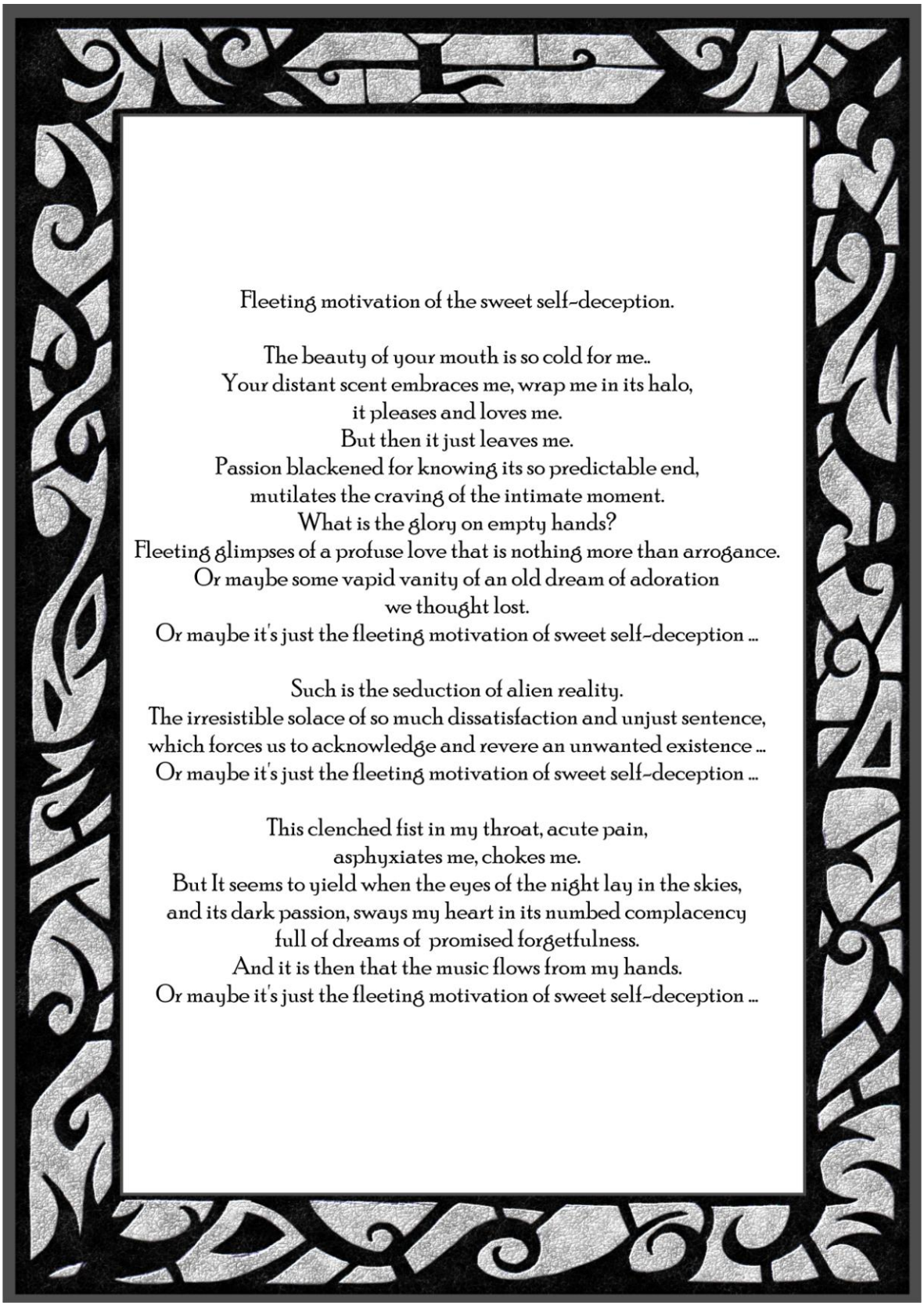
Grey spirit.

My grey spirit always isolated in its tune.
That seems to be from another world.
Leaves me the bitter taste, of the wandering soul.
So predictable, so empty.
Those words that never belonged to me,
now come to my ears,
like a wave of irony.
Miserable and cruel, like every lie.

The irony:
The wind always hated me, but even in its hate,
still loves me more than anybody else.

My soul is the soul of the wounded, mutilated tree.
The one that goes unnoticed in the lush forest,
and in its profound silence, dreams and cries.





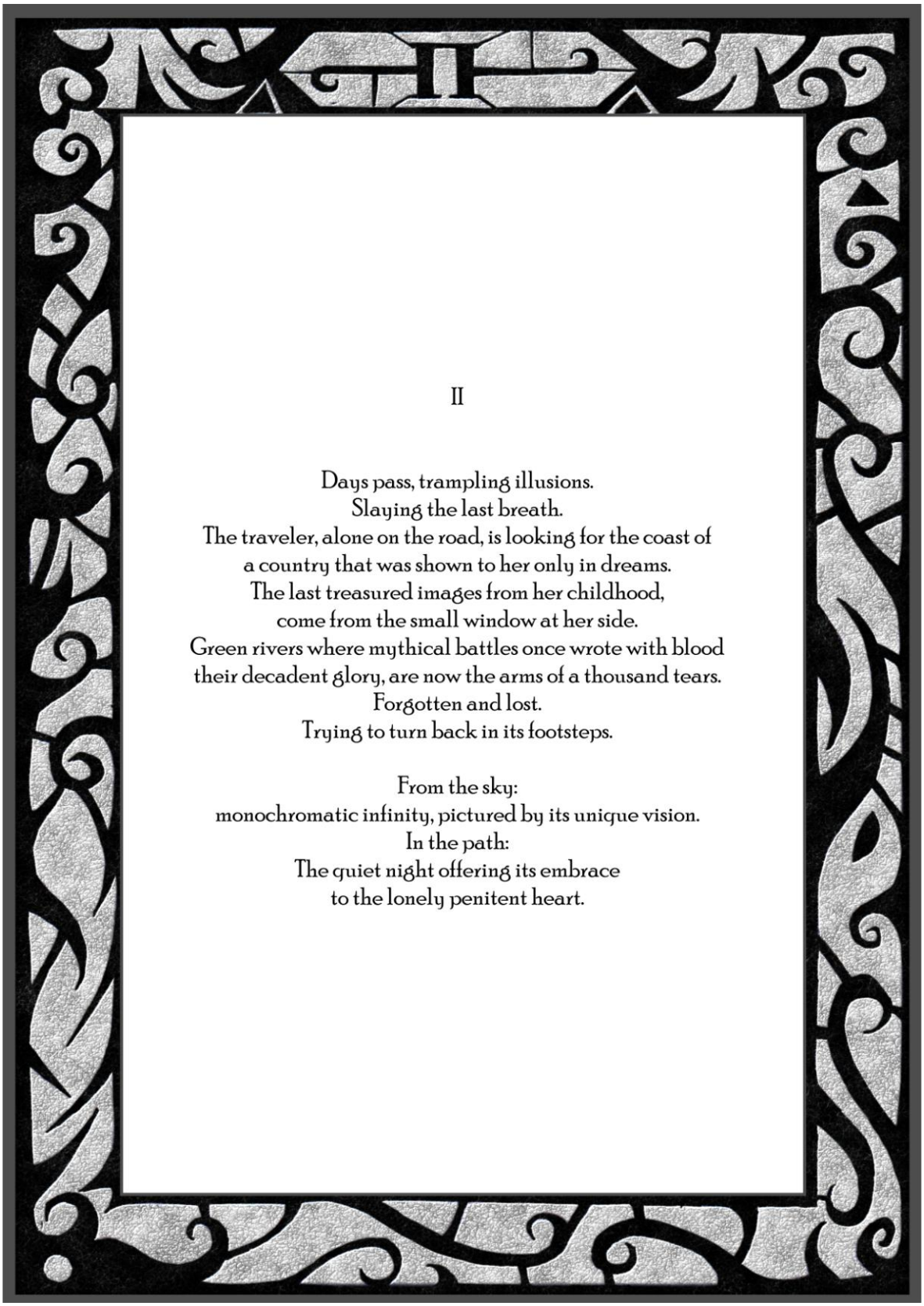
Fleeting motivation of the sweet self-deception.

The beauty of your mouth is so cold for me..
Your distant scent embraces me, wrap me in its halo,
it pleases and loves me.
But then it just leaves me.
Passion blackened for knowing its so predictable end,
mutilates the craving of the intimate moment.
What is the glory on empty hands?
Fleeting glimpses of a profuse love that is nothing more than arrogance.
Or maybe some vapid vanity of an old dream of adoration
we thought lost.
Or maybe it's just the fleeting motivation of sweet self-deception ...

Such is the seduction of alien reality.
The irresistible solace of so much dissatisfaction and unjust sentence,
which forces us to acknowledge and revere an unwanted existence ...
Or maybe it's just the fleeting motivation of sweet self-deception ...

This clenched fist in my throat, acute pain,
asphyxiates me, chokes me.
But It seems to yield when the eyes of the night lay in the skies,
and its dark passion, sways my heart in its numbed complacency
full of dreams of promised forgetfulness.
And it is then that the music flows from my hands.
Or maybe it's just the fleeting motivation of sweet self-deception ...



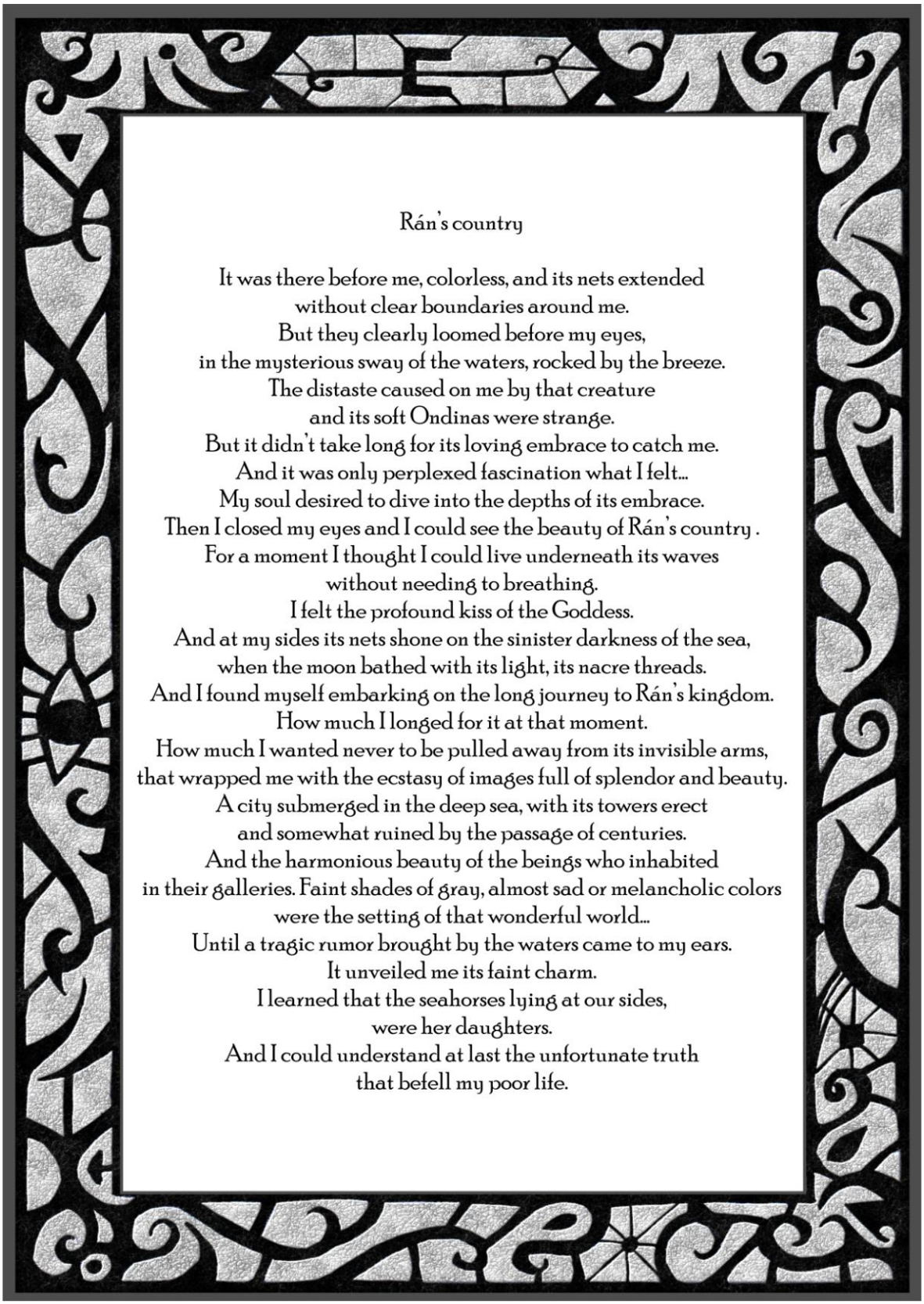


II

Days pass, trampling illusions.
Slaying the last breath.
The traveler, alone on the road, is looking for the coast of
a country that was shown to her only in dreams.
The last treasured images from her childhood,
come from the small window at her side.
Green rivers where mythical battles once wrote with blood
their decadent glory, are now the arms of a thousand tears.
Forgotten and lost.
Trying to turn back in its footsteps.

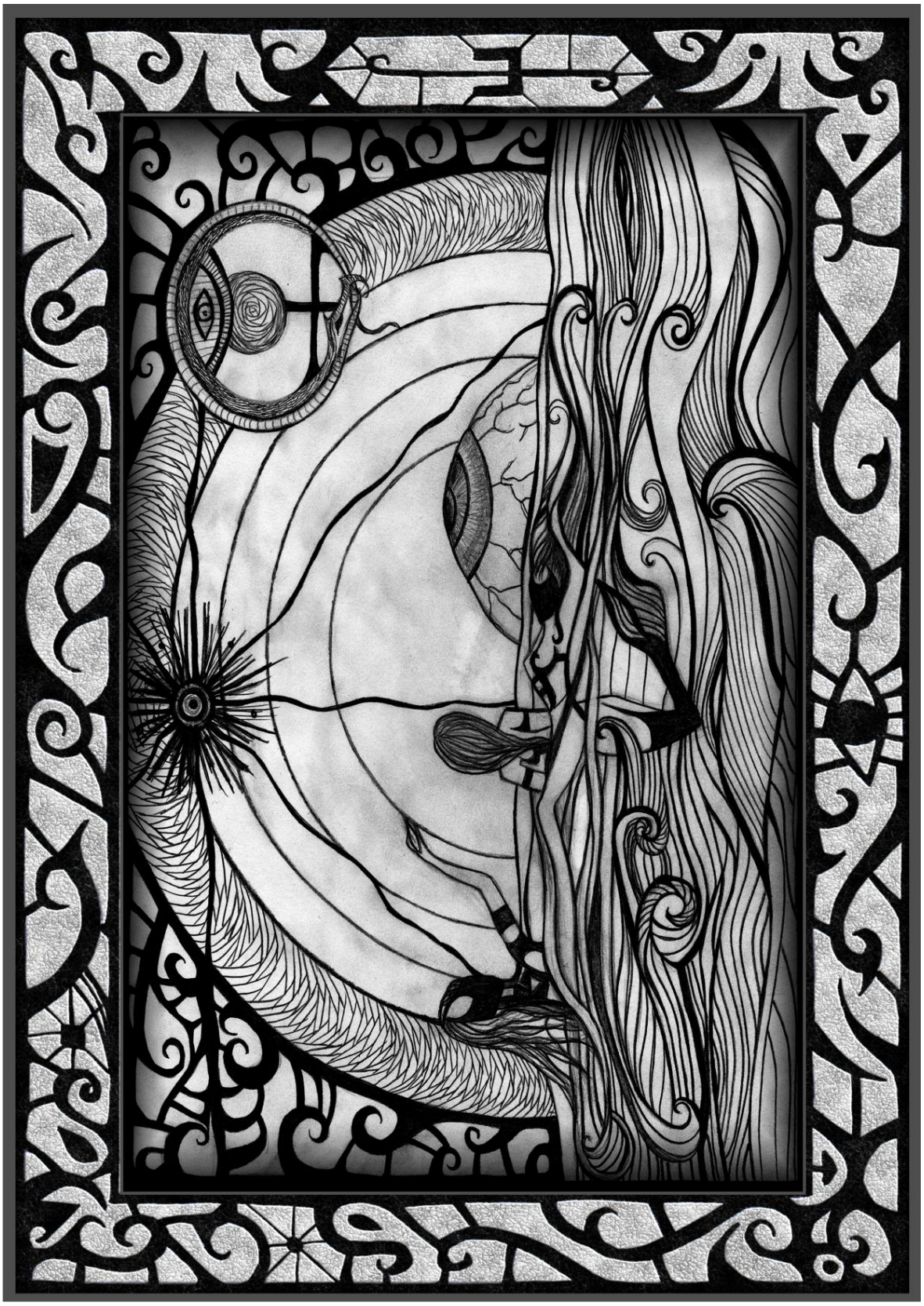
From the sky:
monochromatic infinity, pictured by its unique vision.
In the path:
The quiet night offering its embrace
to the lonely penitent heart.

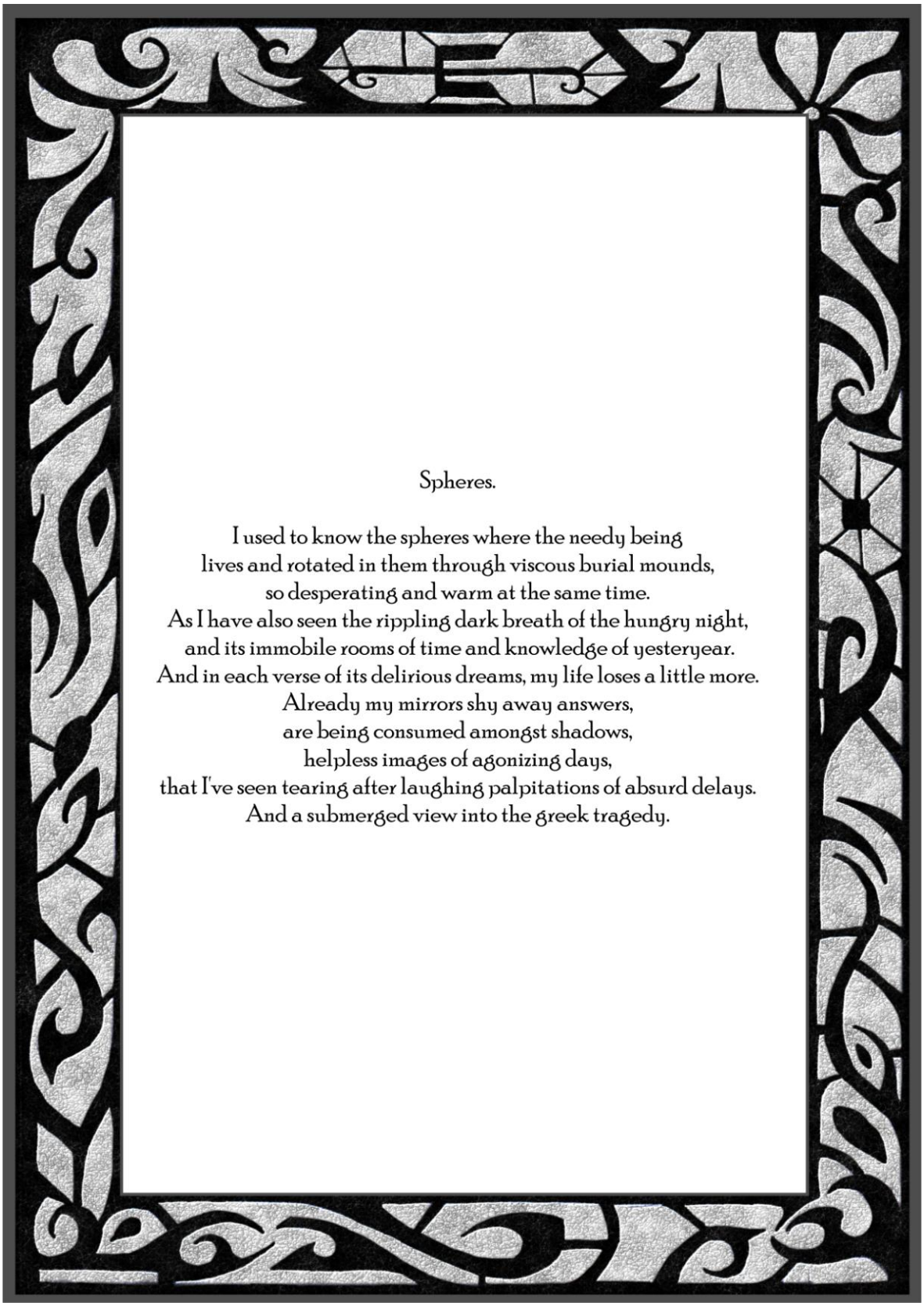




Rán's country

It was there before me, colorless, and its nets extended
without clear boundaries around me.
But they clearly loomed before my eyes,
in the mysterious sway of the waters, rocked by the breeze.
The distaste caused on me by that creature
and its soft Ondinas were strange.
But it didn't take long for its loving embrace to catch me.
And it was only perplexed fascination what I felt...
My soul desired to dive into the depths of its embrace.
Then I closed my eyes and I could see the beauty of Rán's country .
For a moment I thought I could live underneath its waves
without needing to breathing.
I felt the profound kiss of the Goddess.
And at my sides its nets shone on the sinister darkness of the sea,
when the moon bathed with its light, its nacre threads.
And I found myself embarking on the long journey to Rán's kingdom.
How much I longed for it at that moment.
How much I wanted never to be pulled away from its invisible arms,
that wrapped me with the ecstasy of images full of splendor and beauty.
A city submerged in the deep sea, with its towers erect
and somewhat ruined by the passage of centuries.
And the harmonious beauty of the beings who inhabited
in their galleries. Faint shades of gray, almost sad or melancholic colors
were the setting of that wonderful world...
Until a tragic rumor brought by the waters came to my ears.
It unveiled me its faint charm.
I learned that the seahorses lying at our sides,
were her daughters.
And I could understand at last the unfortunate truth
that befell my poor life.

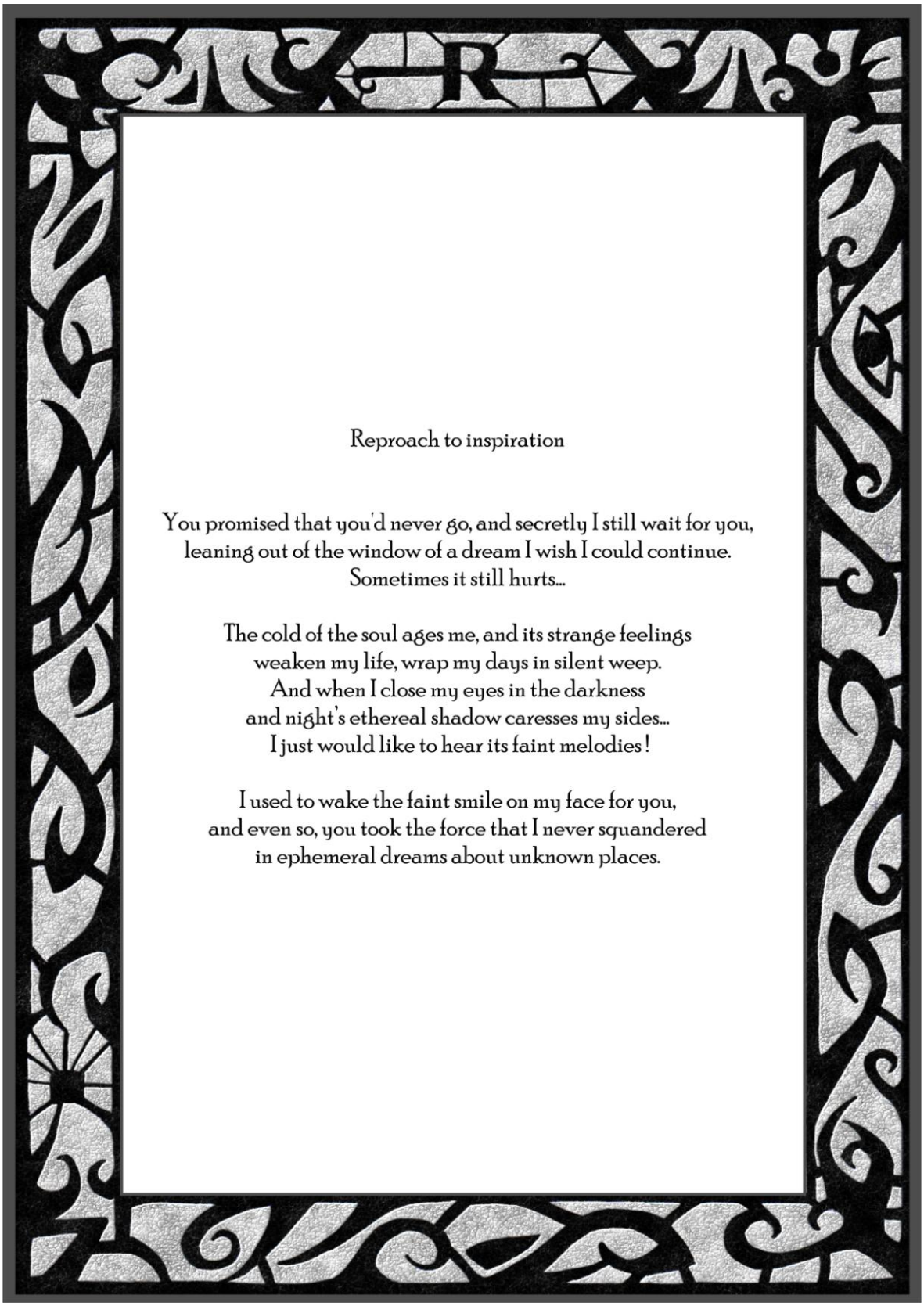




Spheres.

I used to know the spheres where the needy being
lives and rotated in them through viscous burial mounds,
so desperating and warm at the same time.
As I have also seen the rippling dark breath of the hungry night,
and its immobile rooms of time and knowledge of yesteryear.
And in each verse of its delirious dreams, my life loses a little more.
Already my mirrors shy away answers,
are being consumed amongst shadows,
helpless images of agonizing days,
that I've seen tearing after laughing palpitations of absurd delays.
And a submerged view into the greek tragedy.





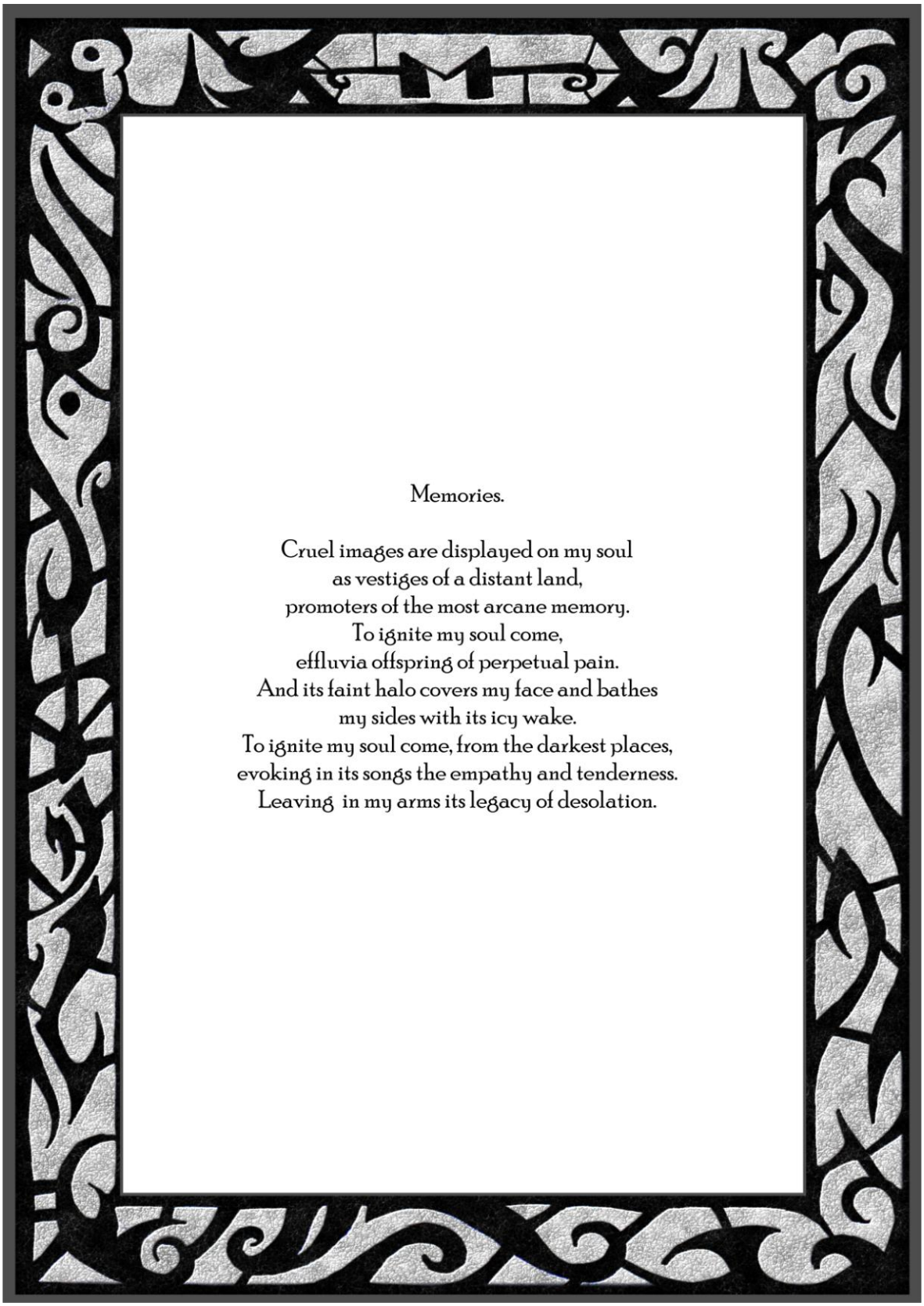
Reproach to inspiration

You promised that you'd never go, and secretly I still wait for you,
leaning out of the window of a dream I wish I could continue.
Sometimes it still hurts...

The cold of the soul ages me, and its strange feelings
weaken my life, wrap my days in silent weep.
And when I close my eyes in the darkness
and night's ethereal shadow caresses my sides...
I just would like to hear its faint melodies!

I used to wake the faint smile on my face for you,
and even so, you took the force that I never squandered
in ephemeral dreams about unknown places.

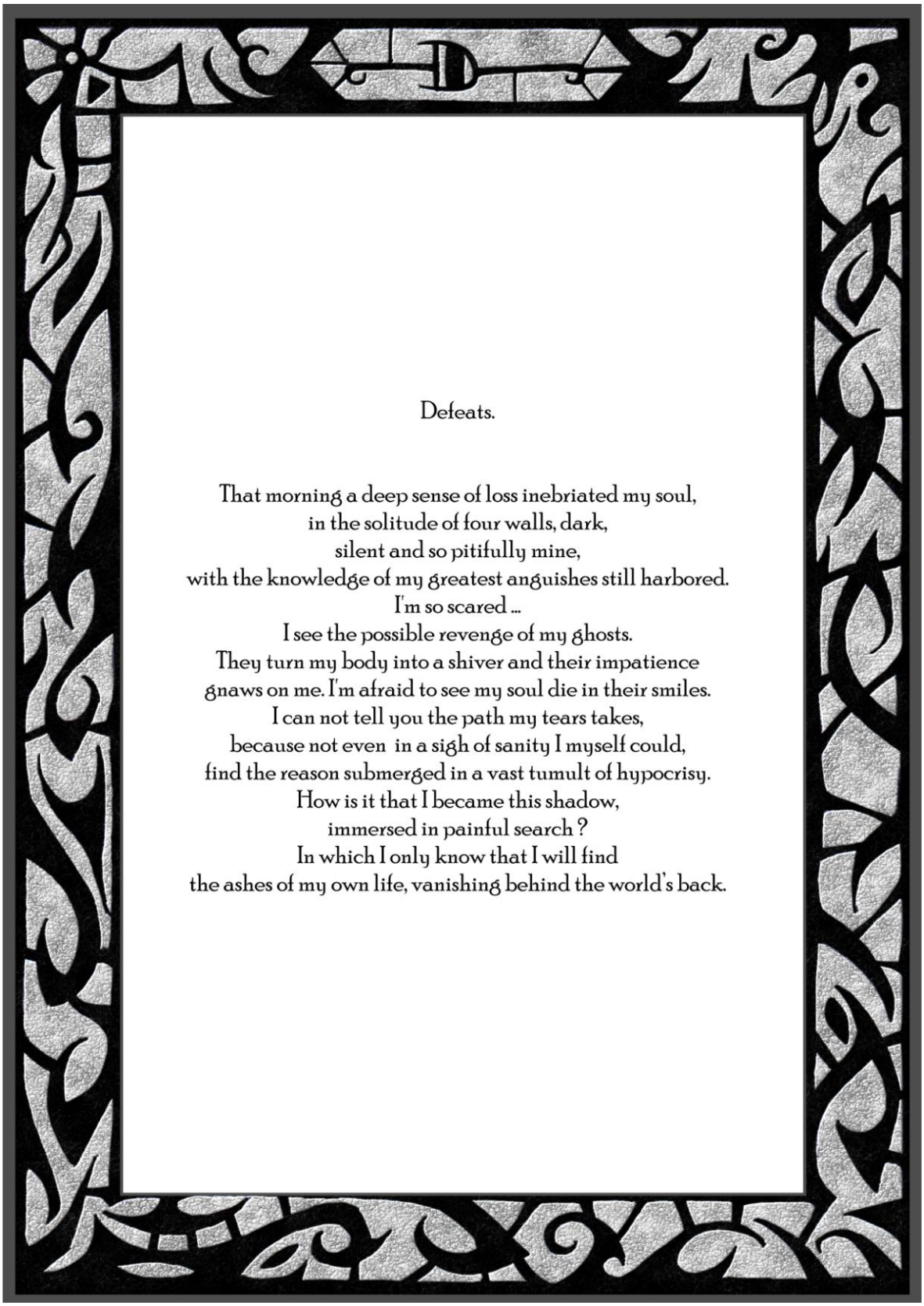




Memories.

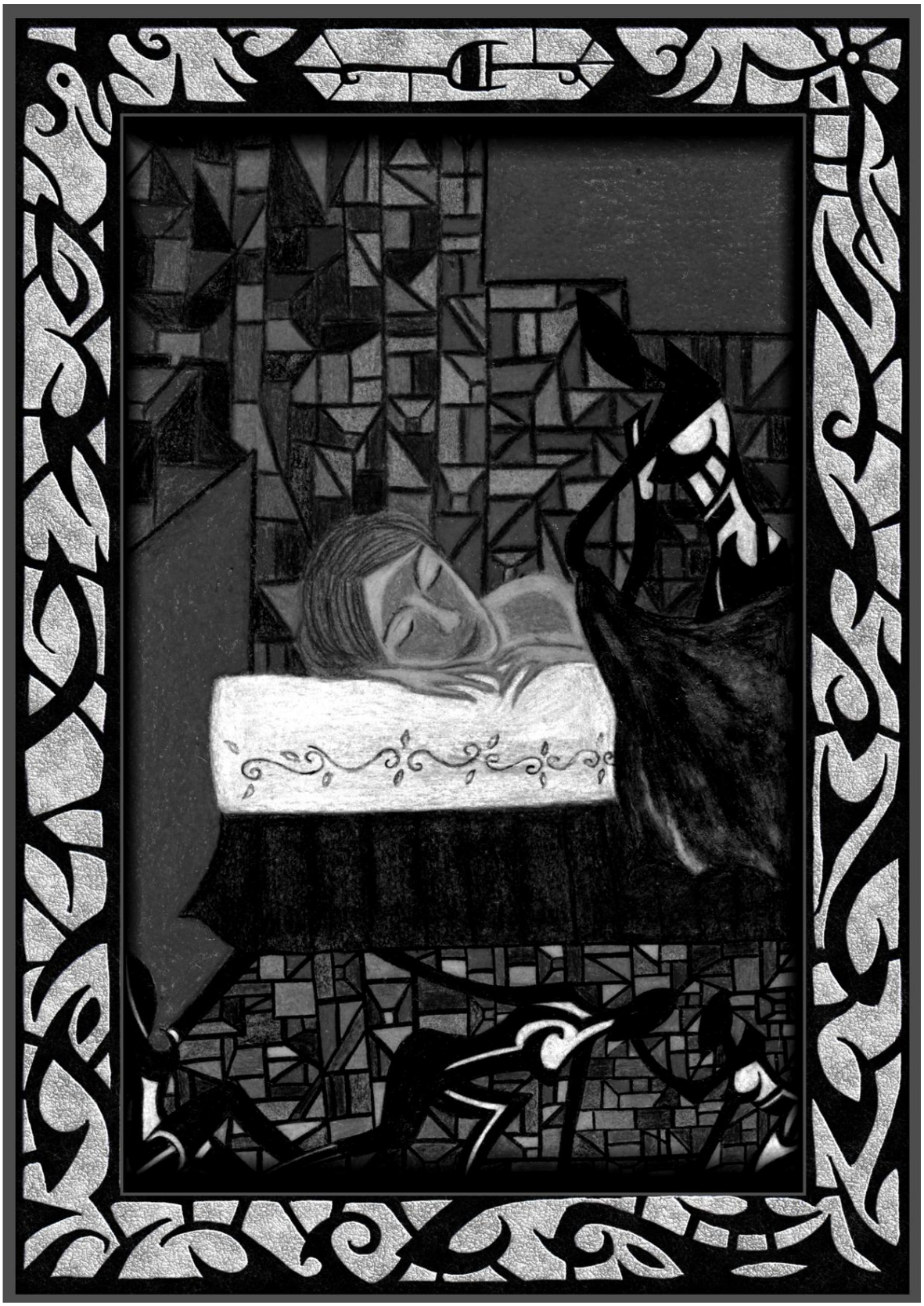
Cruel images are displayed on my soul
as vestiges of a distant land,
promoters of the most arcane memory.
To ignite my soul come,
effluvia offspring of perpetual pain.
And its faint halo covers my face and bathes
my sides with its icy wake.
To ignite my soul come, from the darkest places,
evoking in its songs the empathy and tenderness.
Leaving in my arms its legacy of desolation.

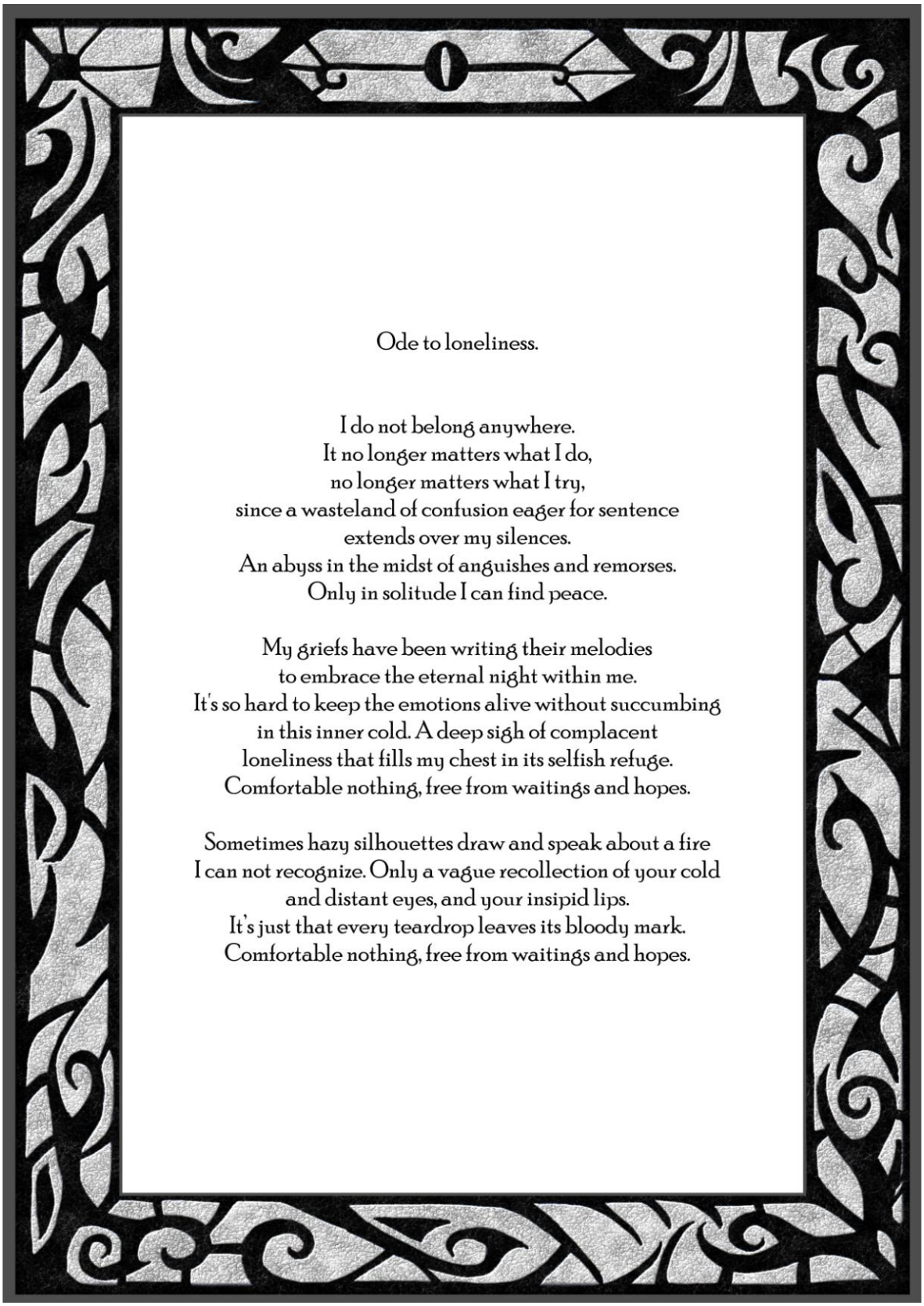




Defeats.

That morning a deep sense of loss inebriated my soul,
in the solitude of four walls, dark,
silent and so pitifully mine,
with the knowledge of my greatest anguishes still harbored.
I'm so scared ...
I see the possible revenge of my ghosts.
They turn my body into a shiver and their impatience
gnaws on me. I'm afraid to see my soul die in their smiles.
I can not tell you the path my tears takes,
because not even in a sigh of sanity I myself could,
find the reason submerged in a vast tumult of hypocrisy.
How is it that I became this shadow,
immersed in painful search ?
In which I only know that I will find
the ashes of my own life, vanishing behind the world's back.





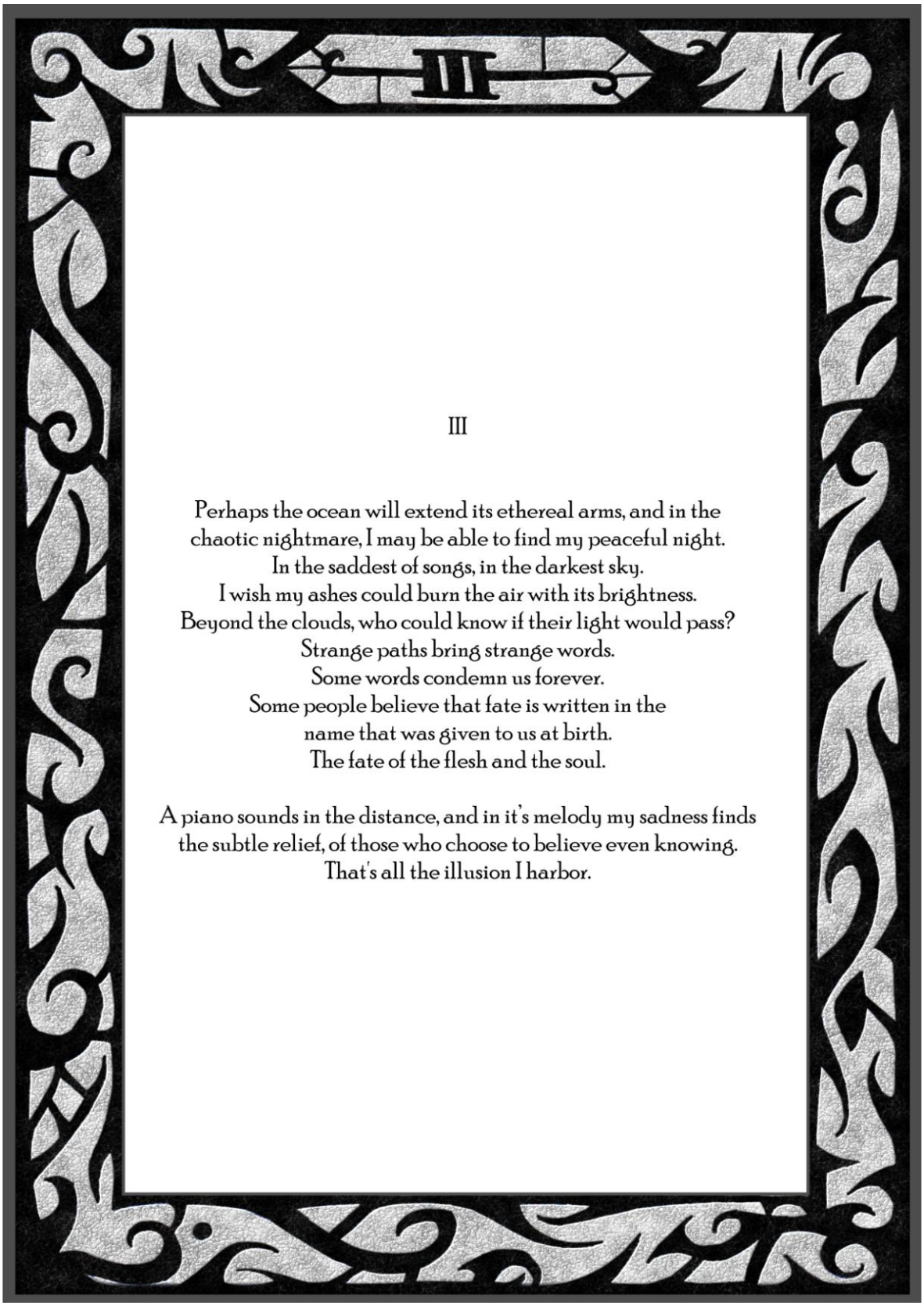
Ode to loneliness.

I do not belong anywhere.
It no longer matters what I do,
no longer matters what I try,
since a wasteland of confusion eager for sentence
extends over my silences.
An abyss in the midst of anguishes and remorses.
Only in solitude I can find peace.

My griefs have been writing their melodies
to embrace the eternal night within me.
It's so hard to keep the emotions alive without succumbing
in this inner cold. A deep sigh of complacent
loneliness that fills my chest in its selfish refuge.
Comfortable nothing, free from waitings and hopes.

Sometimes hazy silhouettes draw and speak about a fire
I can not recognize. Only a vague recollection of your cold
and distant eyes, and your insipid lips.
It's just that every teardrop leaves its bloody mark.
Comfortable nothing, free from waitings and hopes.

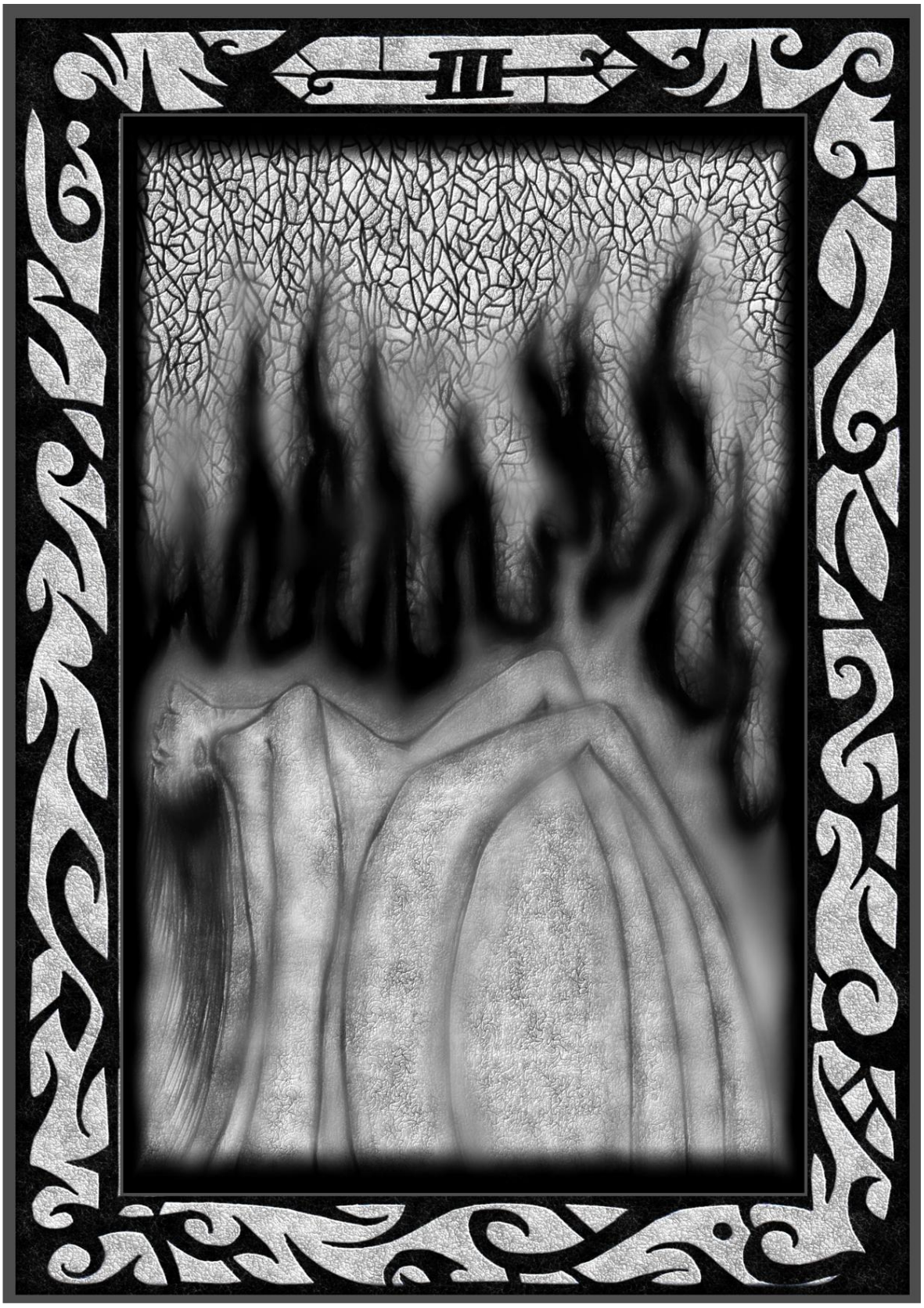


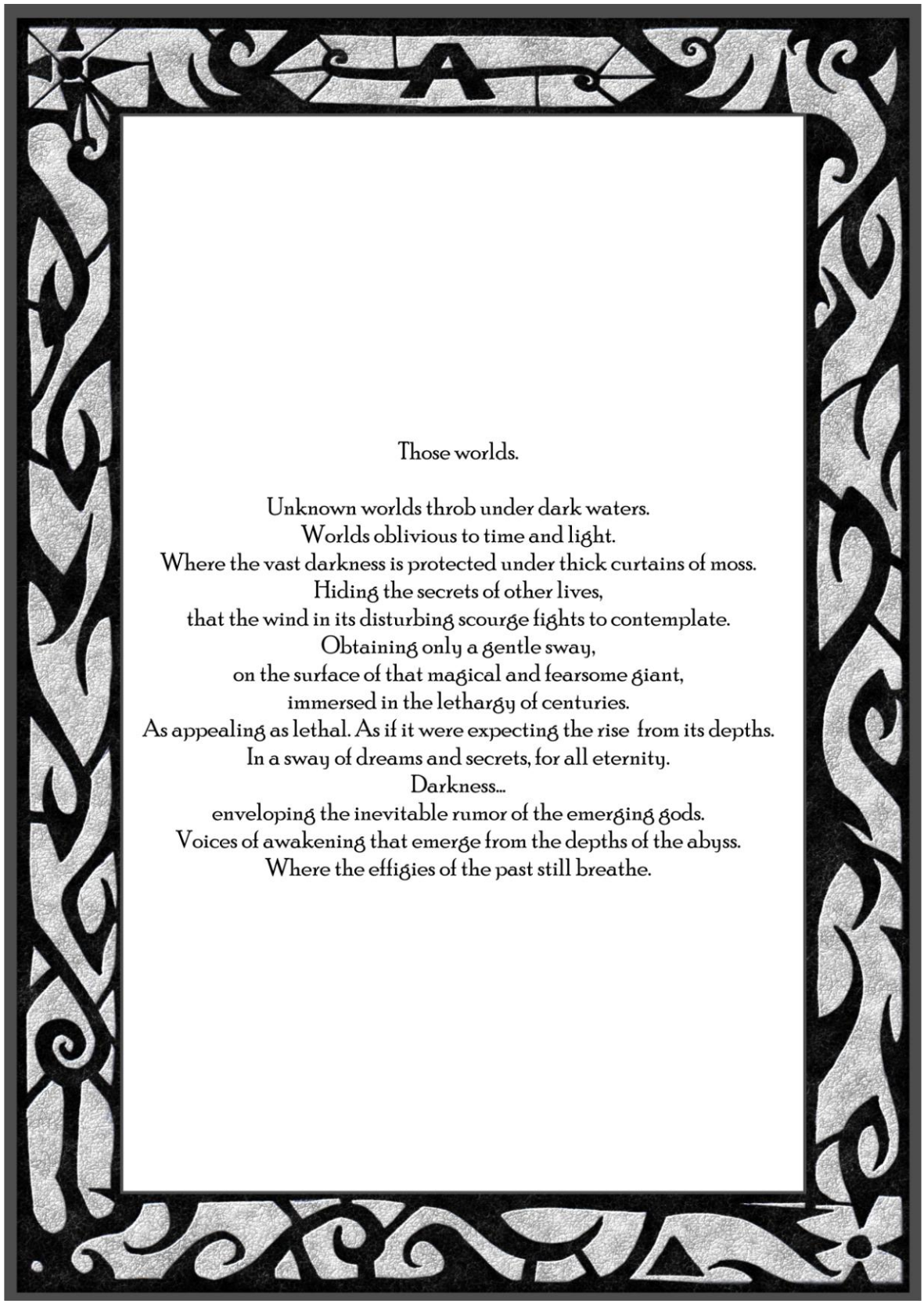


III

Perhaps the ocean will extend its ethereal arms, and in the
chaotic nightmare, I may be able to find my peaceful night.
In the saddest of songs, in the darkest sky.
I wish my ashes could burn the air with its brightness.
Beyond the clouds, who could know if their light would pass?
Strange paths bring strange words.
Some words condemn us forever.
Some people believe that fate is written in the
name that was given to us at birth.
The fate of the flesh and the soul.

A piano sounds in the distance, and in it's melody my sadness finds
the subtle relief, of those who choose to believe even knowing.
That's all the illusion I harbor.

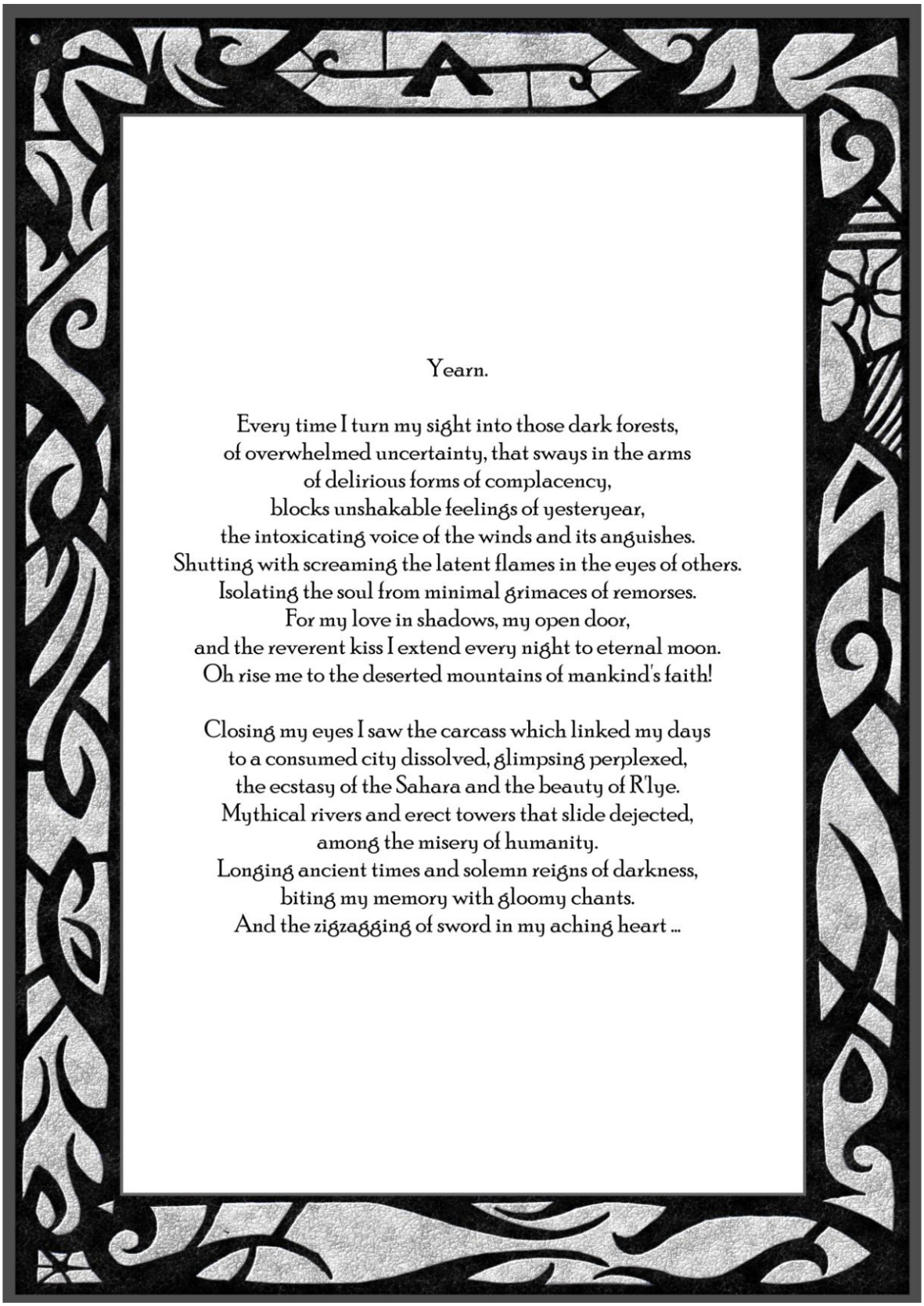

III



Those worlds.

Unknown worlds throb under dark waters.
Worlds oblivious to time and light.
Where the vast darkness is protected under thick curtains of moss.
Hiding the secrets of other lives,
that the wind in its disturbing scourge fights to contemplate.
Obtaining only a gentle sway,
on the surface of that magical and fearsome giant,
immersed in the lethargy of centuries.
As appealing as lethal. As if it were expecting the rise from its depths.
In a sway of dreams and secrets, for all eternity.
Darkness...
enveloping the inevitable rumor of the emerging gods.
Voices of awakening that emerge from the depths of the abyss.
Where the effigies of the past still breathe.



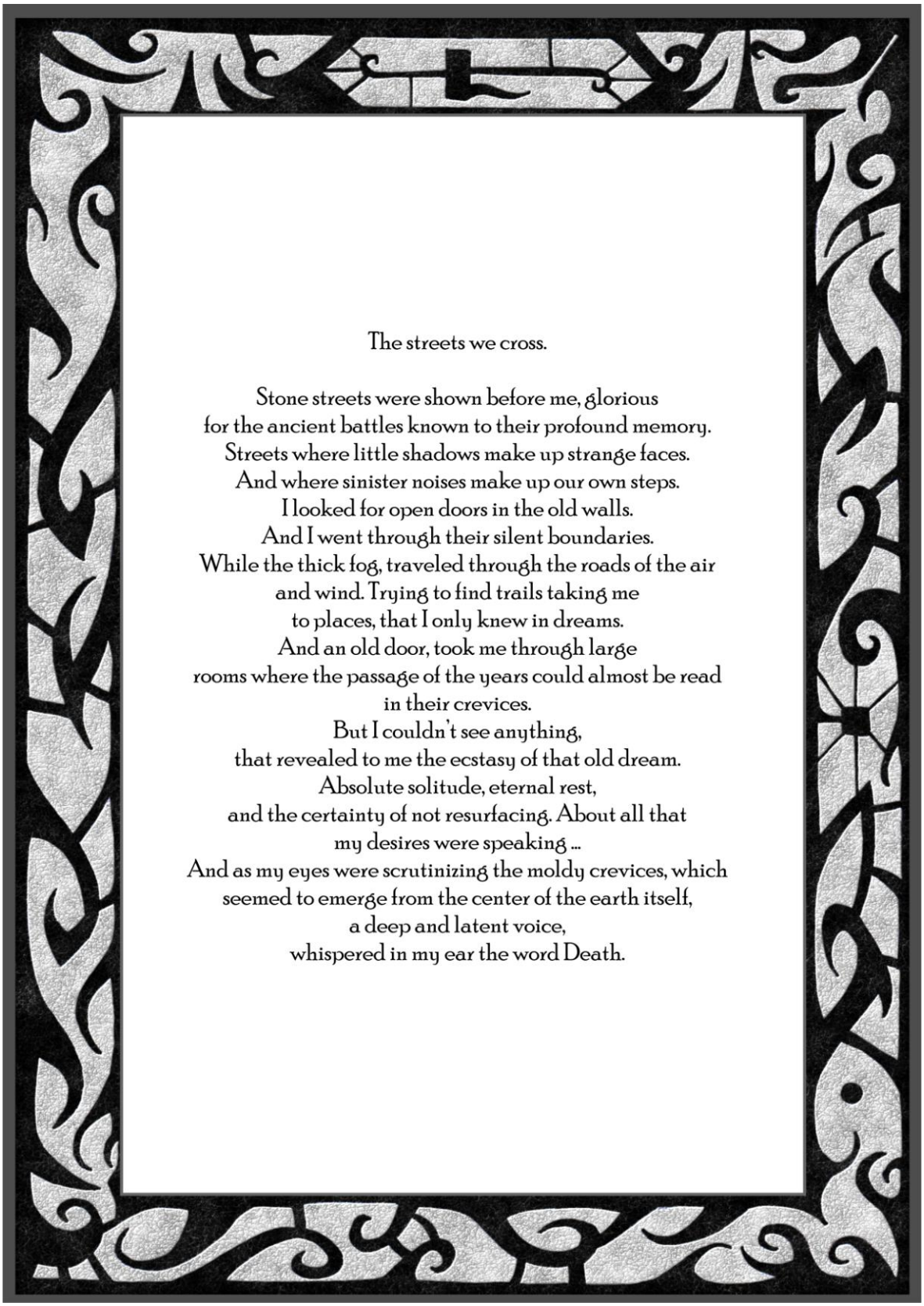


Yearn.

Every time I turn my sight into those dark forests,
of overwhelmed uncertainty, that sways in the arms
of delirious forms of complacency,
blocks unshakable feelings of yesteryear,
the intoxicating voice of the winds and its anguishes.
Shutting with screaming the latent flames in the eyes of others.
Isolating the soul from minimal grimaces of remorses.
For my love in shadows, my open door,
and the reverent kiss I extend every night to eternal moon.
Oh rise me to the deserted mountains of mankind's faith!

Closing my eyes I saw the carcass which linked my days
to a consumed city dissolved, glimpsing perplexed,
the ecstasy of the Sahara and the beauty of R'lye.
Mythical rivers and erect towers that slide dejected,
among the misery of humanity.
Longing ancient times and solemn reigns of darkness,
biting my memory with gloomy chants.
And the zigzagging of sword in my aching heart ...

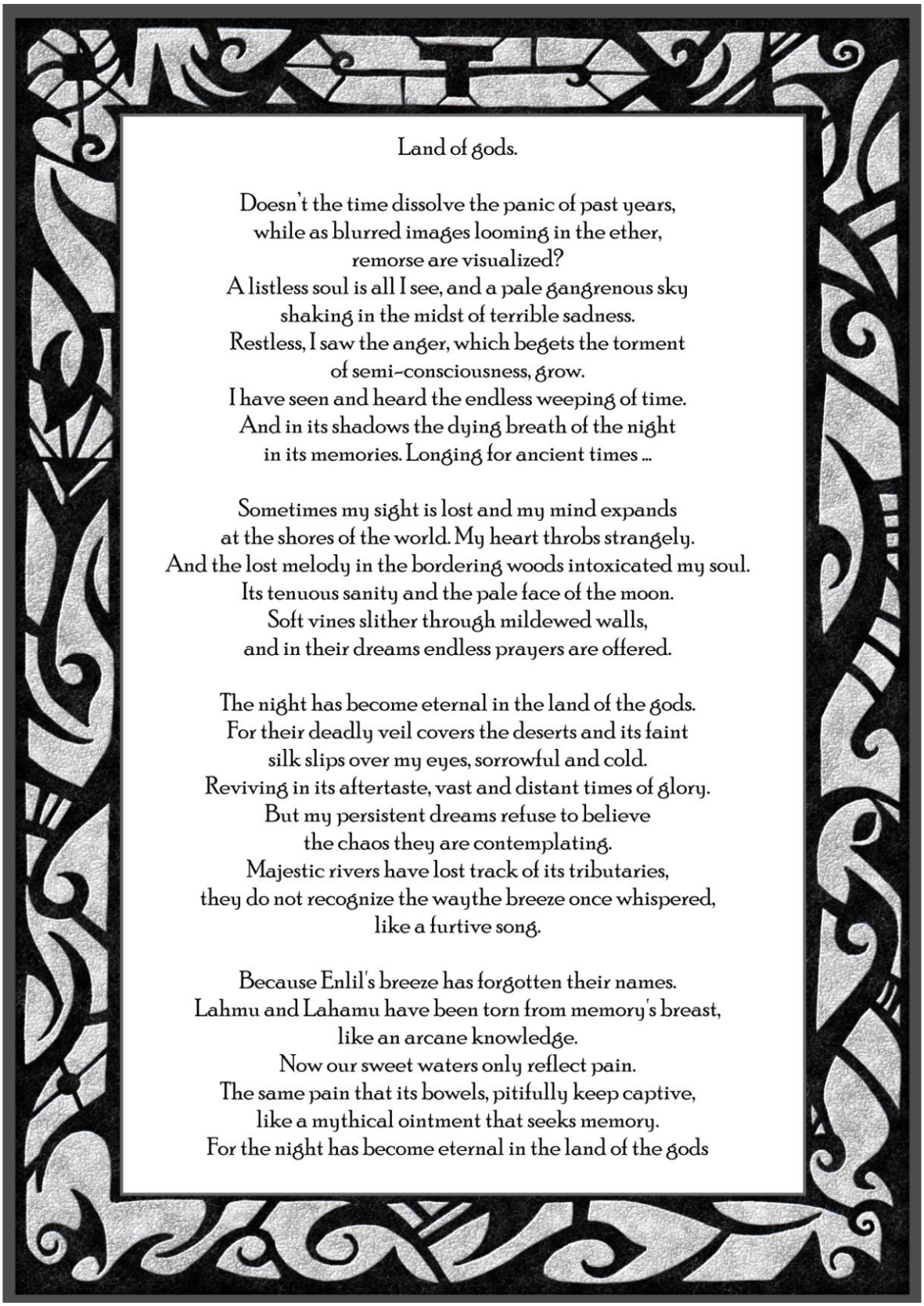




The streets we cross.

Stone streets were shown before me, glorious
for the ancient battles known to their profound memory.
Streets where little shadows make up strange faces.
And where sinister noises make up our own steps.
I looked for open doors in the old walls.
And I went through their silent boundaries.
While the thick fog, traveled through the roads of the air
and wind. Trying to find trails taking me
to places, that I only knew in dreams.
And an old door, took me through large
rooms where the passage of the years could almost be read
in their crevices.
But I couldn't see anything,
that revealed to me the ecstasy of that old dream.
Absolute solitude, eternal rest,
and the certainty of not resurfacing. About all that
my desires were speaking ...
And as my eyes were scrutinizing the moldy crevices, which
seemed to emerge from the center of the earth itself,
a deep and latent voice,
whispered in my ear the word Death.





Land of gods.

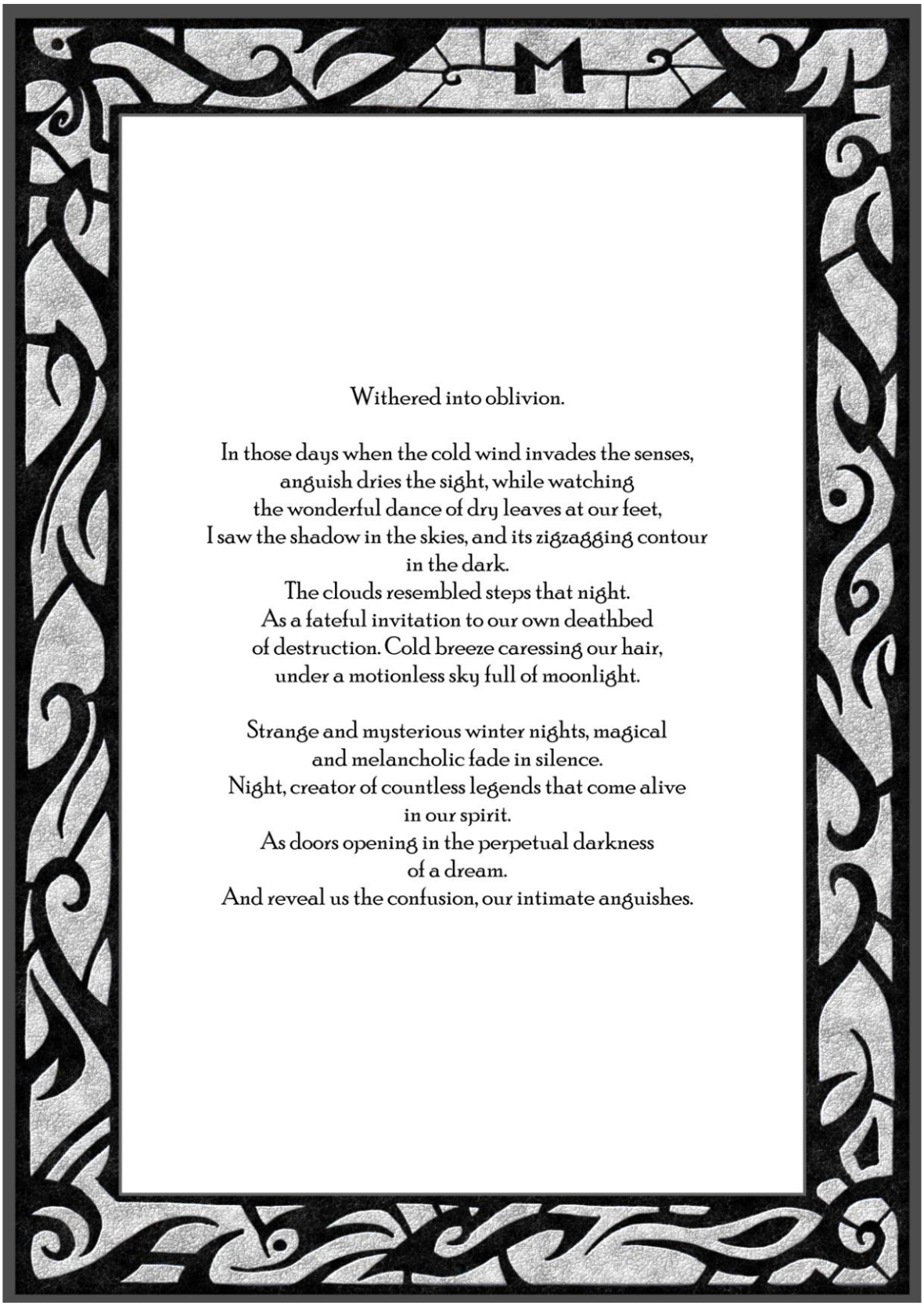
Doesn't the time dissolve the panic of past years,
while as blurred images looming in the ether,
remorse are visualized?
A listless soul is all I see, and a pale gangrenous sky
shaking in the midst of terrible sadness.
Restless, I saw the anger, which begets the torment
of semi-consciousness, grow.
I have seen and heard the endless weeping of time.
And in its shadows the dying breath of the night
in its memories. Longing for ancient times ...

Sometimes my sight is lost and my mind expands
at the shores of the world. My heart throbs strangely.
And the lost melody in the bordering woods intoxicated my soul.
Its tenuous sanity and the pale face of the moon.
Soft vines slither through mildewed walls,
and in their dreams endless prayers are offered.

The night has become eternal in the land of the gods.
For their deadly veil covers the deserts and its faint
silk slips over my eyes, sorrowful and cold.
Reviving in its aftertaste, vast and distant times of glory.
But my persistent dreams refuse to believe
the chaos they are contemplating.
Majestic rivers have lost track of its tributaries,
they do not recognize the waythe breeze once whispered,
like a furtive song.

Because Enlil's breeze has forgotten their names.
Lahmu and Lahamu have been torn from memory's breast,
like an arcane knowledge.
Now our sweet waters only reflect pain.
The same pain that its bowels, pitifully keep captive,
like a mythical ointment that seeks memory.
For the night has become eternal in the land of the gods



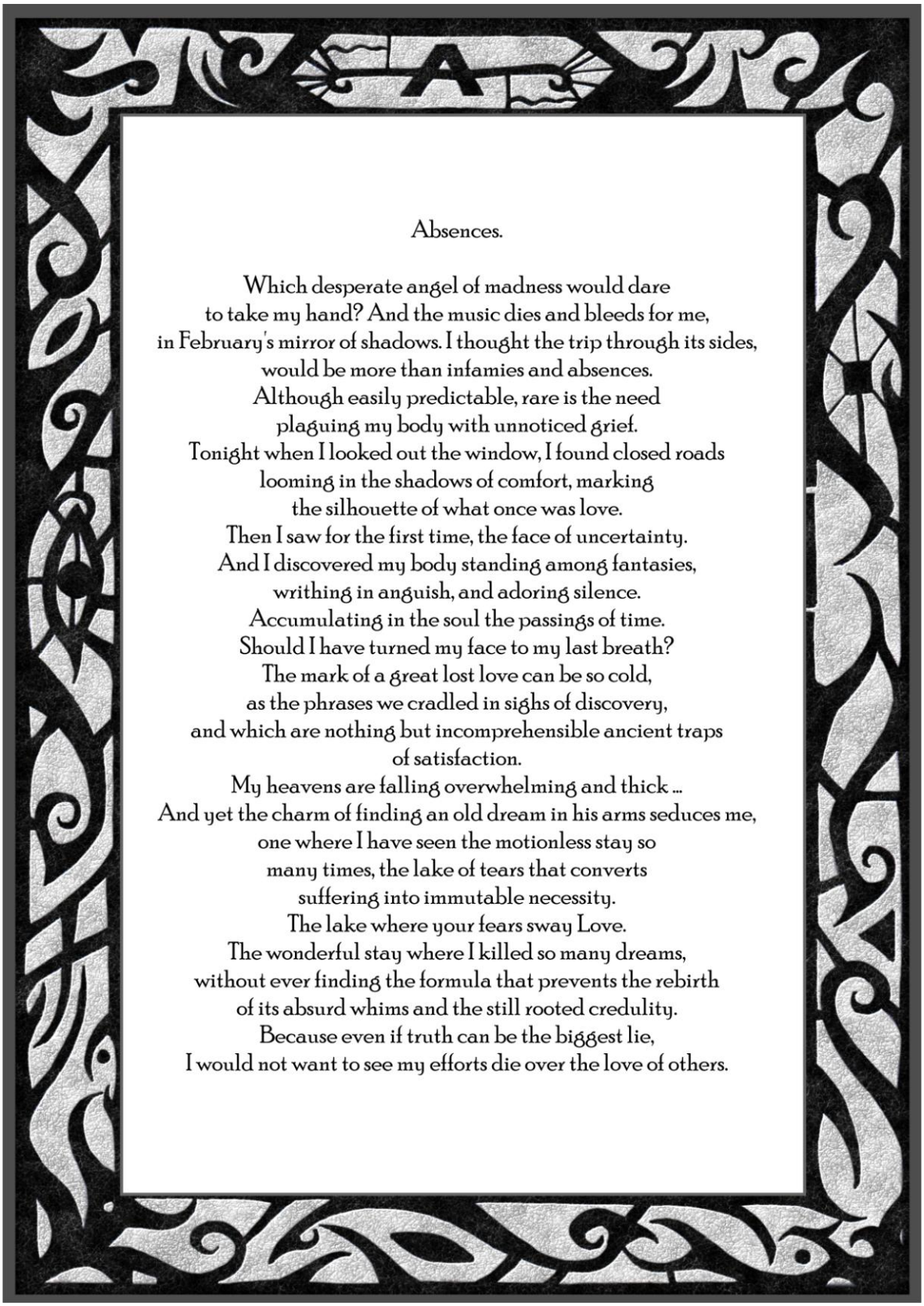


Withered into oblivion.

In those days when the cold wind invades the senses,
anguish dries the sight, while watching
the wonderful dance of dry leaves at our feet,
I saw the shadow in the skies, and its zigzagging contour
in the dark.
The clouds resembled steps that night.
As a fateful invitation to our own deathbed
of destruction. Cold breeze caressing our hair,
under a motionless sky full of moonlight.

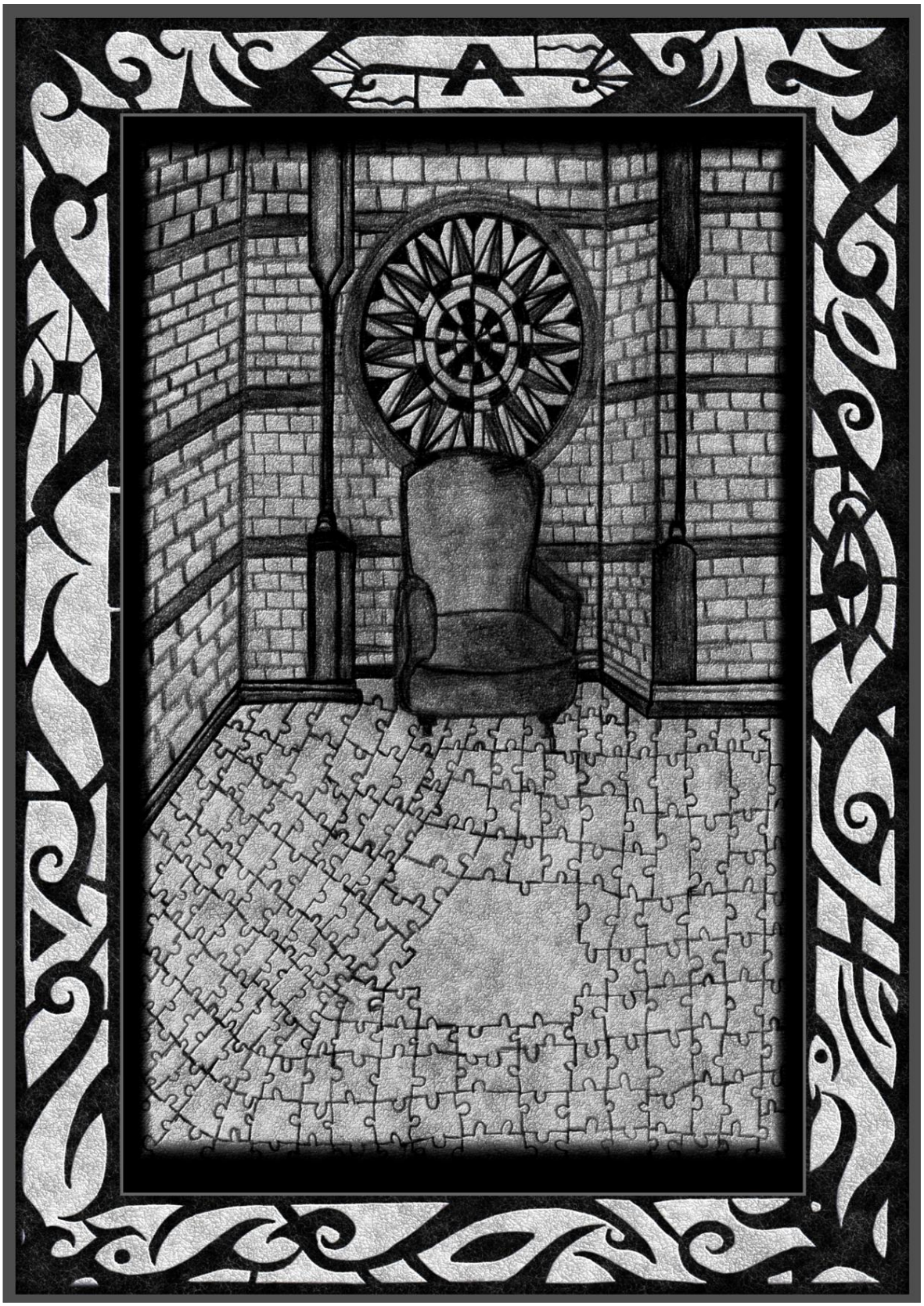
Strange and mysterious winter nights, magical
and melancholic fade in silence.
Night, creator of countless legends that come alive
in our spirit.
As doors opening in the perpetual darkness
of a dream.
And reveal us the confusion, our intimate anguishes.

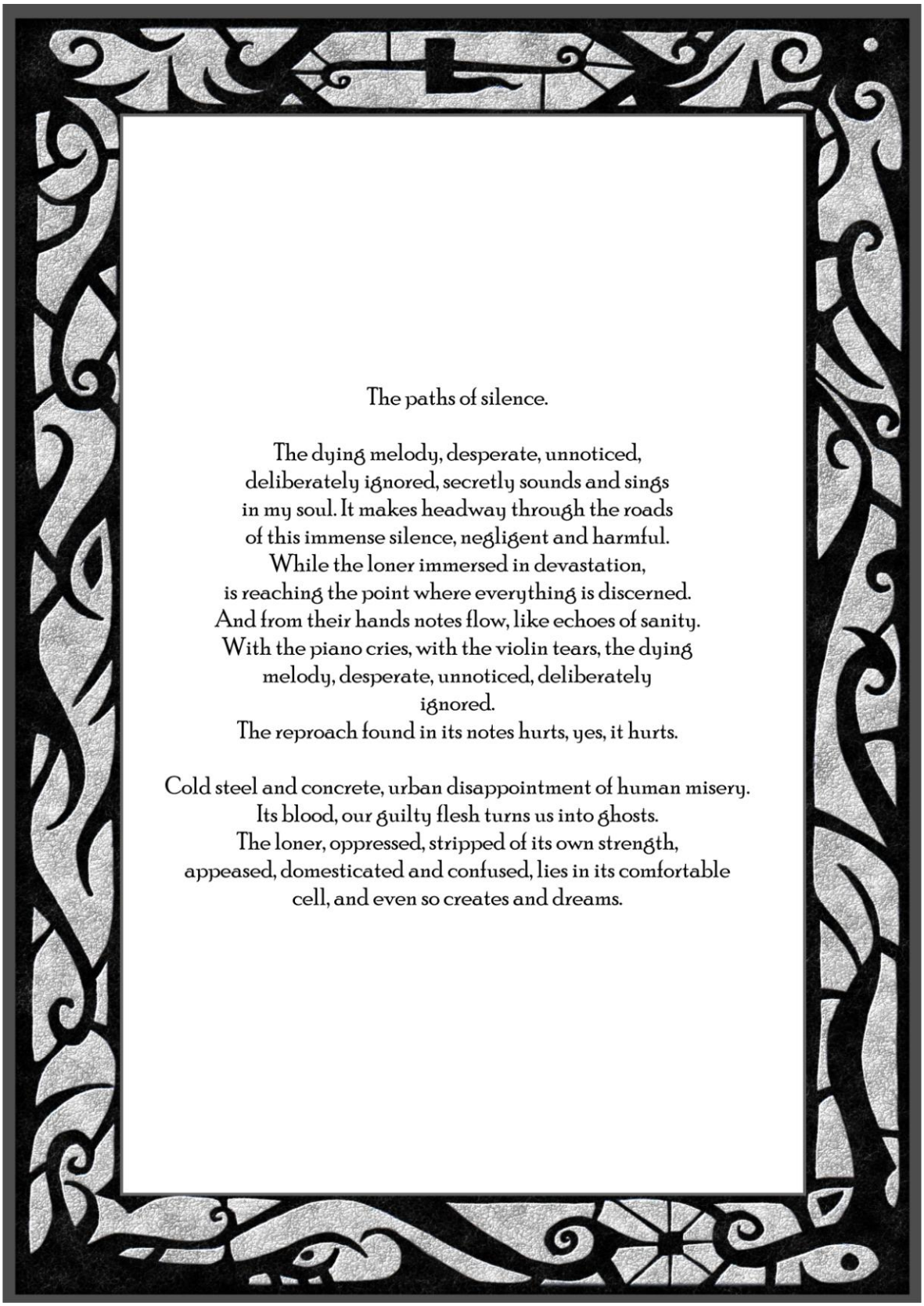




Absences.

Which desperate angel of madness would dare
to take my hand? And the music dies and bleeds for me,
in February's mirror of shadows. I thought the trip through its sides,
would be more than infamies and absences.
Although easily predictable, rare is the need
plaguing my body with unnoticed grief.
Tonight when I looked out the window, I found closed roads
looming in the shadows of comfort, marking
the silhouette of what once was love.
Then I saw for the first time, the face of uncertainty.
And I discovered my body standing among fantasies,
writhing in anguish, and adoring silence.
Accumulating in the soul the passings of time.
Should I have turned my face to my last breath?
The mark of a great lost love can be so cold,
as the phrases we cradled in sighs of discovery,
and which are nothing but incomprehensible ancient traps
of satisfaction.
My heavens are falling overwhelming and thick ...
And yet the charm of finding an old dream in his arms seduces me,
one where I have seen the motionless stay so
many times, the lake of tears that converts
suffering into immutable necessity.
The lake where your fears sway Love.
The wonderful stay where I killed so many dreams,
without ever finding the formula that prevents the rebirth
of its absurd whims and the still rooted credulity.
Because even if truth can be the biggest lie,
I would not want to see my efforts die over the love of others.


A

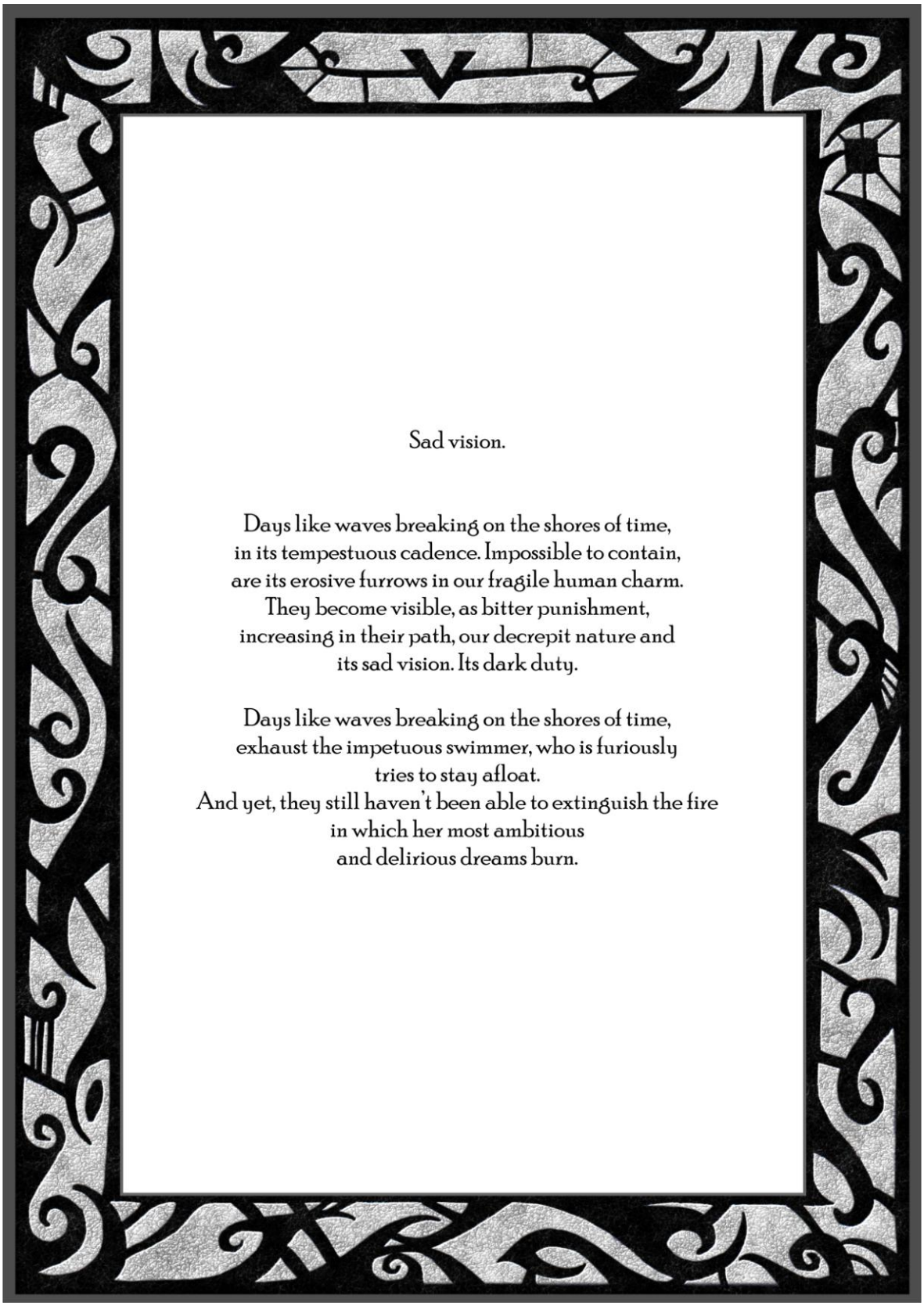


The paths of silence.

The dying melody, desperate, unnoticed,
deliberately ignored, secretly sounds and sings
in my soul. It makes headway through the roads
of this immense silence, negligent and harmful.
While the loner immersed in devastation,
is reaching the point where everything is discerned.
And from their hands notes flow, like echoes of sanity.
With the piano cries, with the violin tears, the dying
melody, desperate, unnoticed, deliberately
ignored.
The reproach found in its notes hurts, yes, it hurts.

Cold steel and concrete, urban disappointment of human misery.
Its blood, our guilty flesh turns us into ghosts.
The loner, oppressed, stripped of its own strength,
appeased, domesticated and confused, lies in its comfortable
cell, and even so creates and dreams.



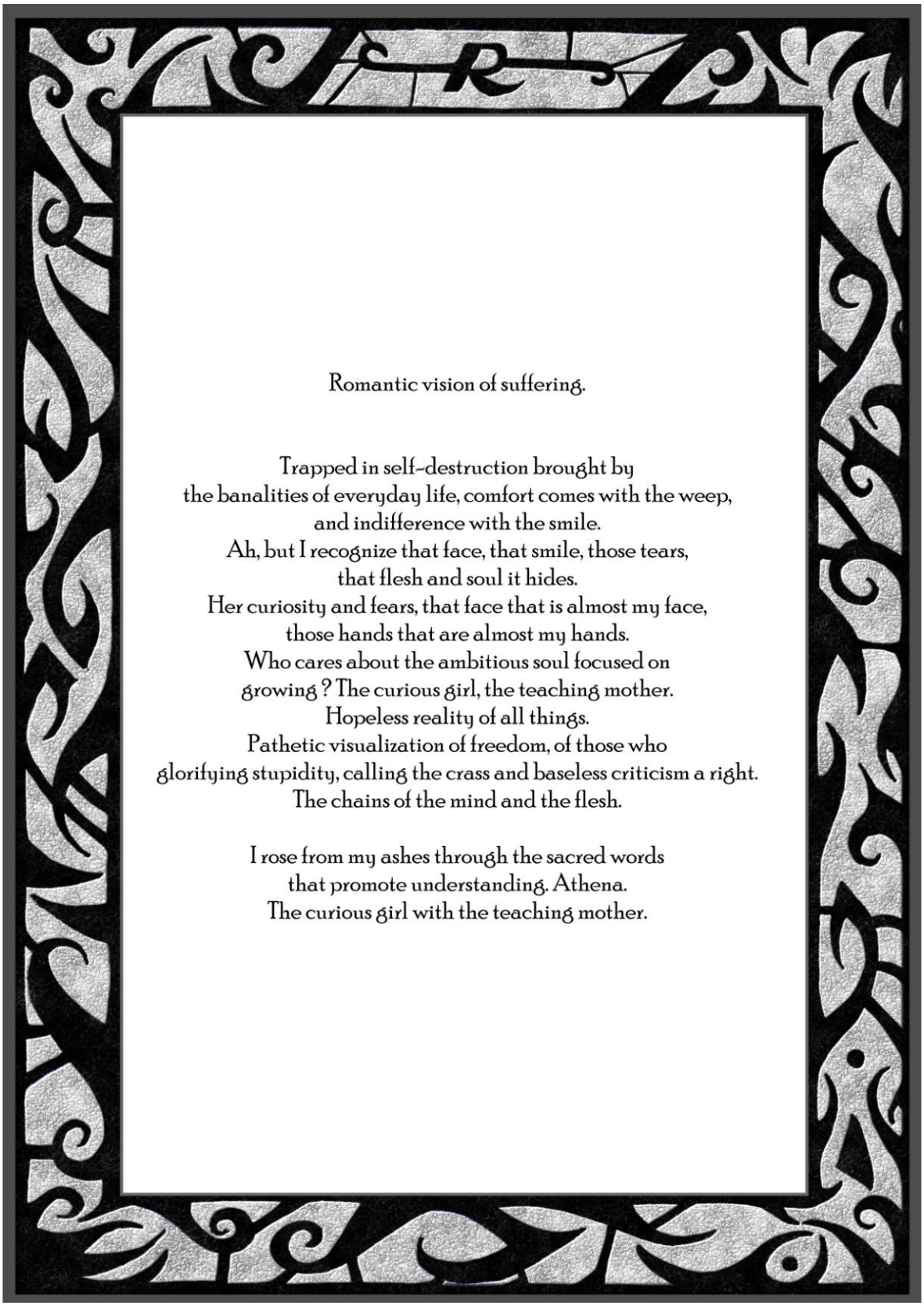


Sad vision.

Days like waves breaking on the shores of time,
in its tempestuous cadence. Impossible to contain,
are its erosive furrows in our fragile human charm.
They become visible, as bitter punishment,
increasing in their path, our decrepit nature and
its sad vision. Its dark duty.

Days like waves breaking on the shores of time,
exhaust the impetuous swimmer, who is furiously
tries to stay afloat.
And yet, they still haven't been able to extinguish the fire
in which her most ambitious
and delirious dreams burn.

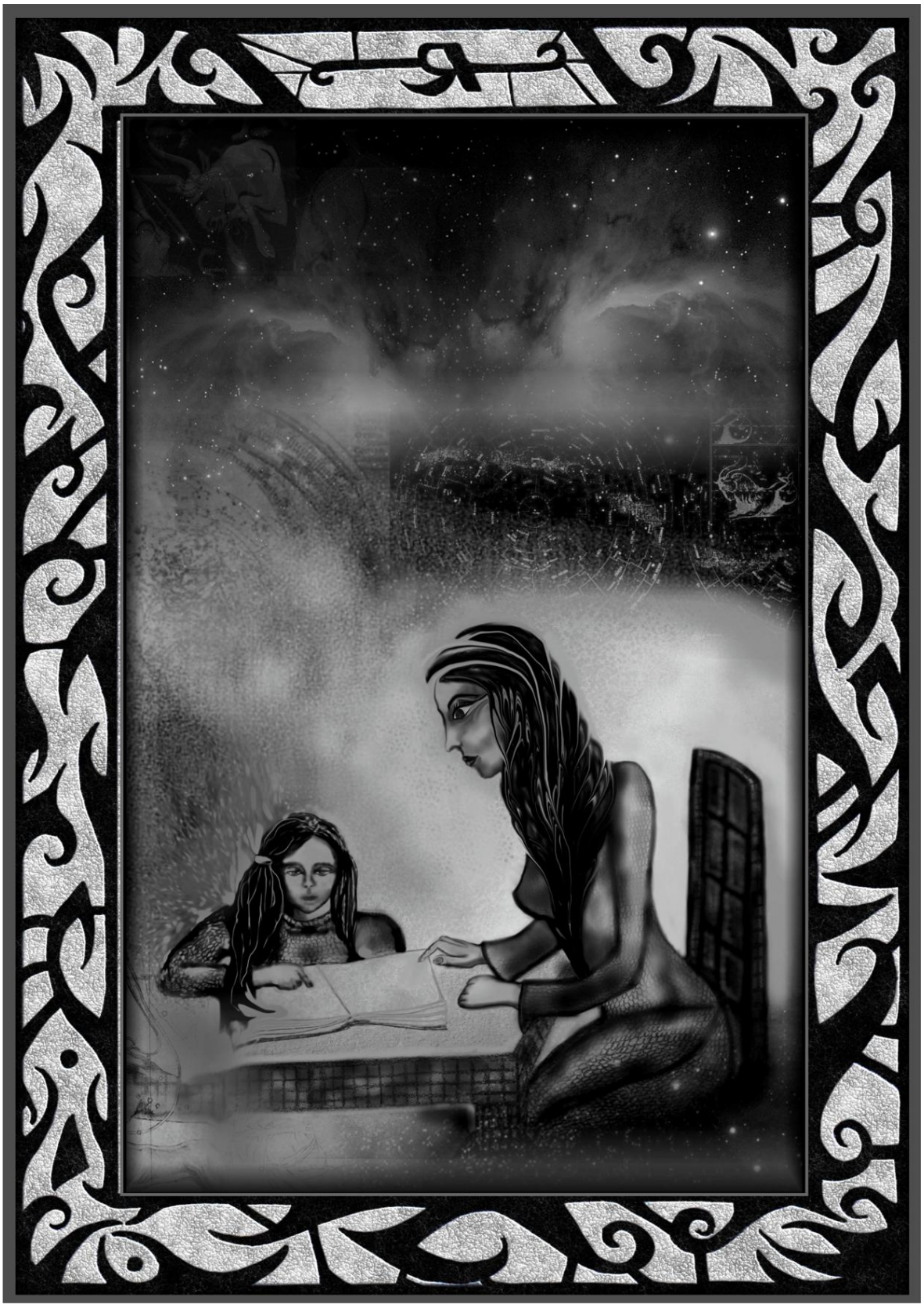


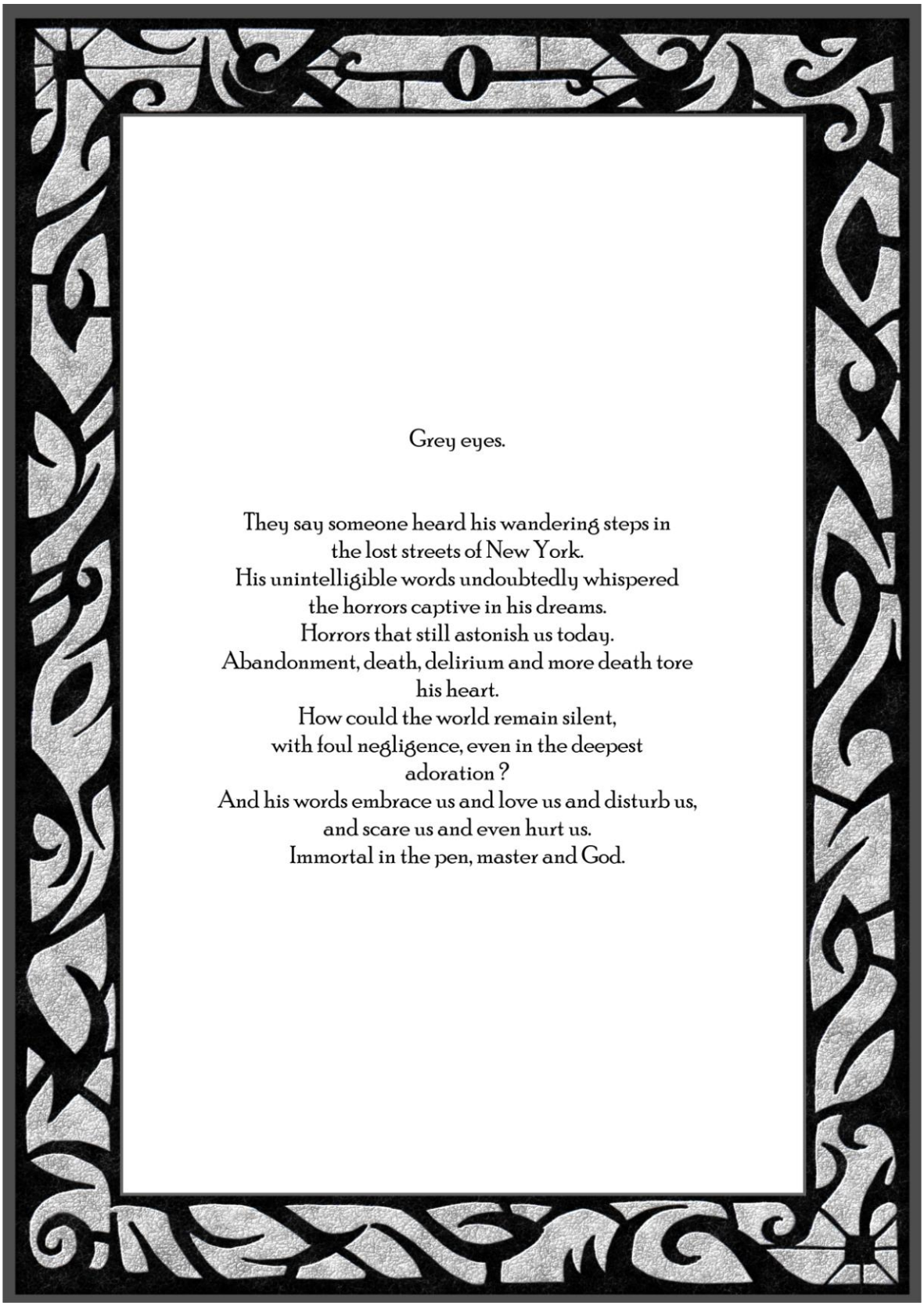


Romantic vision of suffering.

Trapped in self-destruction brought by
the banalities of everyday life, comfort comes with the weep,
and indifference with the smile.
Ah, but I recognize that face, that smile, those tears,
that flesh and soul it hides.
Her curiosity and fears, that face that is almost my face,
those hands that are almost my hands.
Who cares about the ambitious soul focused on
growing ? The curious girl, the teaching mother.
Hopeless reality of all things.
Pathetic visualization of freedom, of those who
glorifying stupidity, calling the crass and baseless criticism a right.
The chains of the mind and the flesh.

I rose from my ashes through the sacred words
that promote understanding. Athena.
The curious girl with the teaching mother.





Grey eyes.

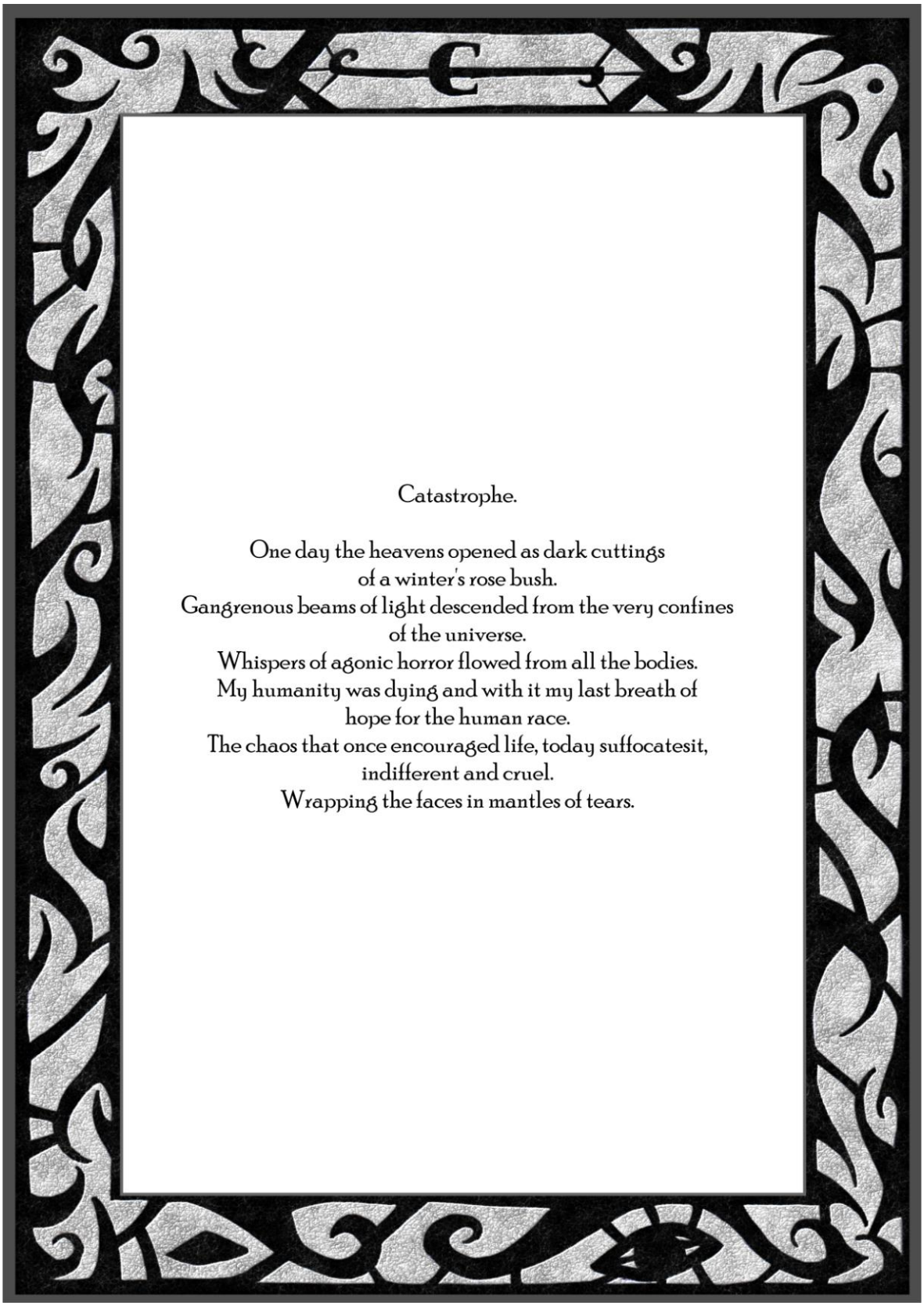
They say someone heard his wandering steps in
the lost streets of New York.
His unintelligible words undoubtedly whispered
the horrors captive in his dreams.
Horrors that still astonish us today.
Abandonment, death, delirium and more death tore
his heart.
How could the world remain silent,
with foul negligence, even in the deepest
adoration ?
And his words embrace us and love us and disturb us,
and scare us and even hurt us.
Immortal in the pen, master and God.



Cause and effect of the flesh.

We, a handful of genes shared with millions,
a learned culture shared with millions,
a handful of experiences shared with millions,
a result as predictable as anything else can be.
The mysteries of life are so far from belonging to us,
as anything else can be.
Our ego, in its ignorant greed leads us to believe
in the marvelous tale of the Unique Being.
But the causes and effects of flesh
leave no place for such a thing.

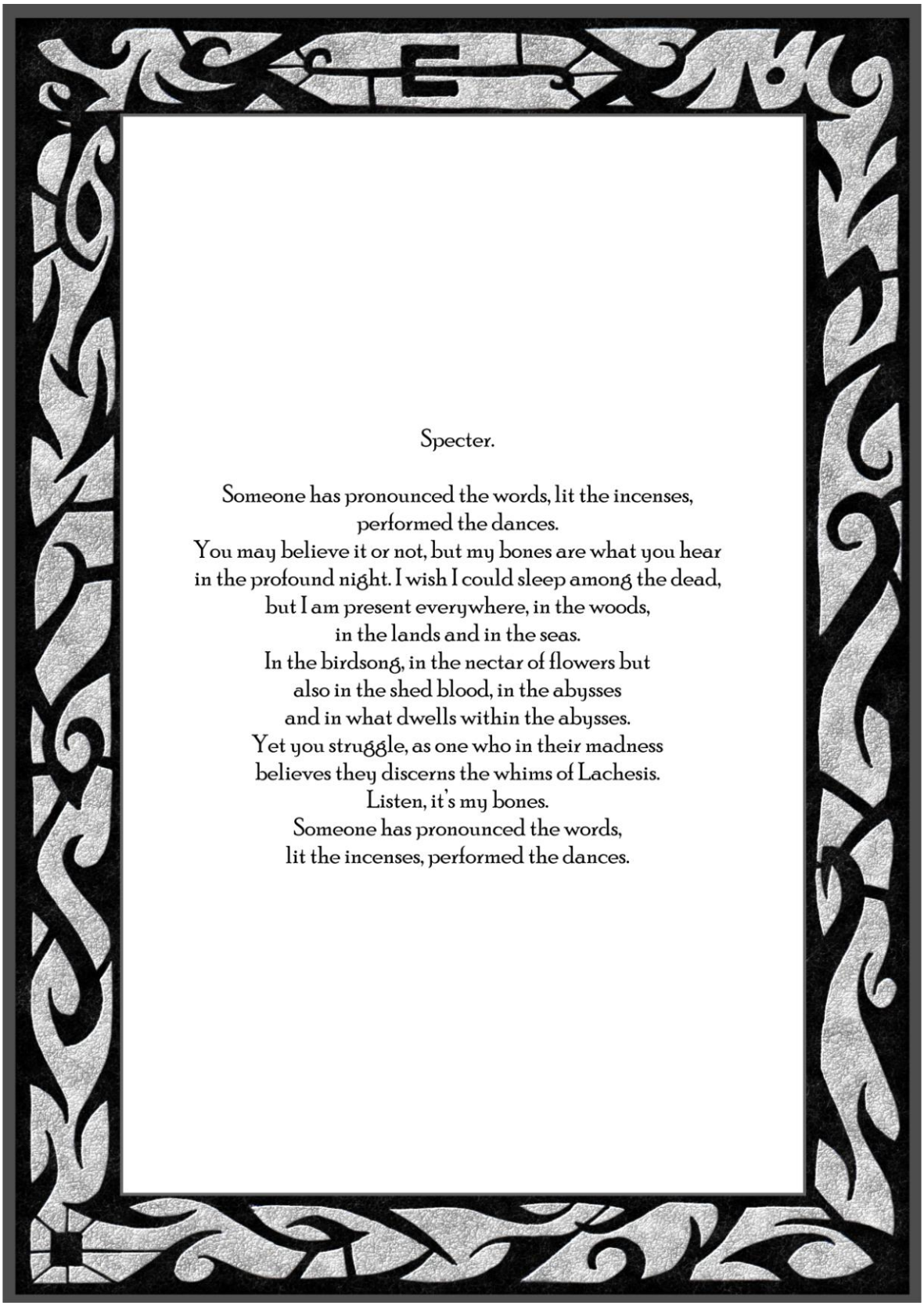




Catastrophe.

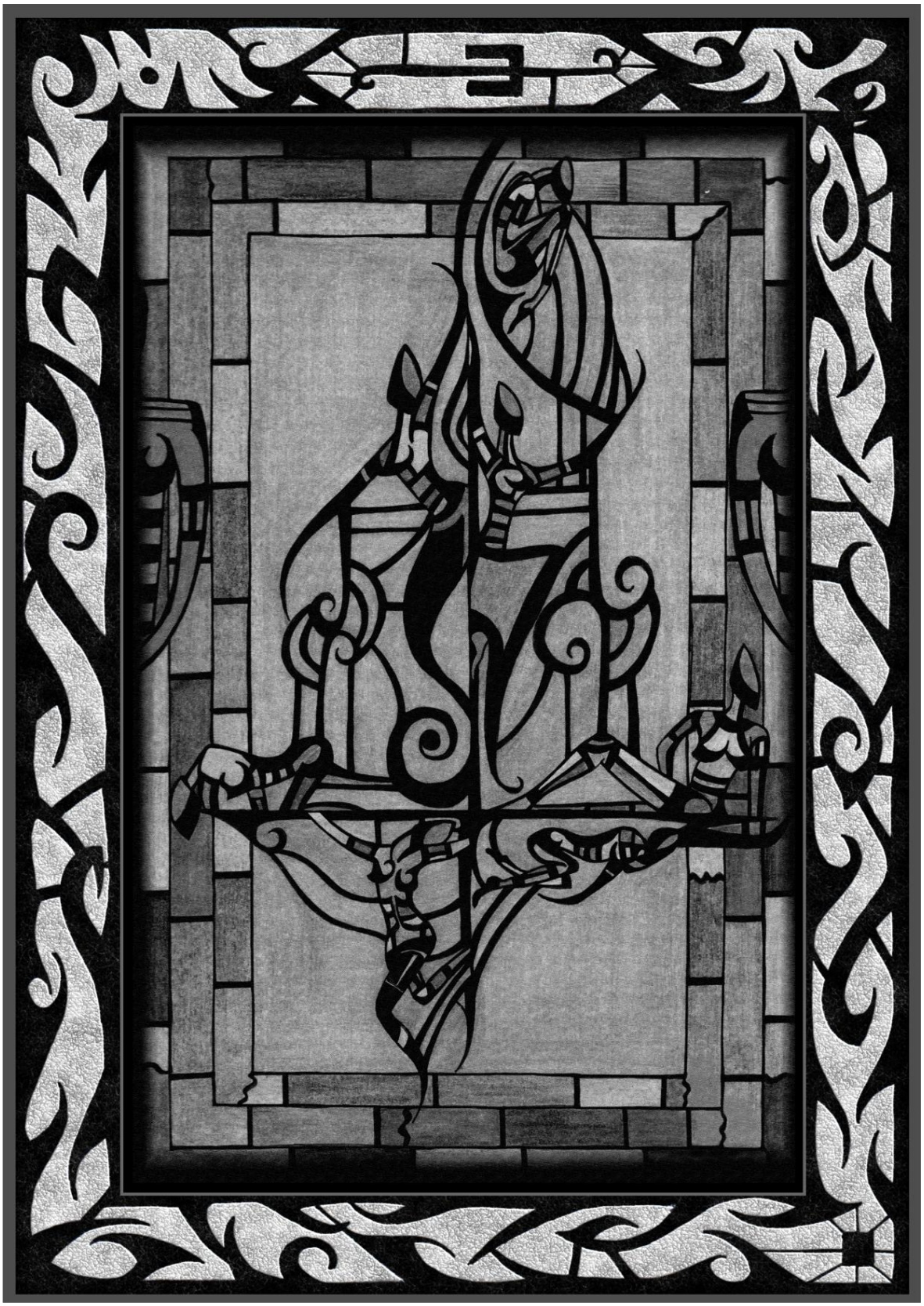
One day the heavens opened as dark cuttings
of a winter's rose bush.
Gangrenous beams of light descended from the very confines
of the universe.
Whispers of agonic horror flowed from all the bodies.
My humanity was dying and with it my last breath of
hope for the human race.
The chaos that once encouraged life, today suffocatesit,
indifferent and cruel.
Wrapping the faces in mantles of tears.

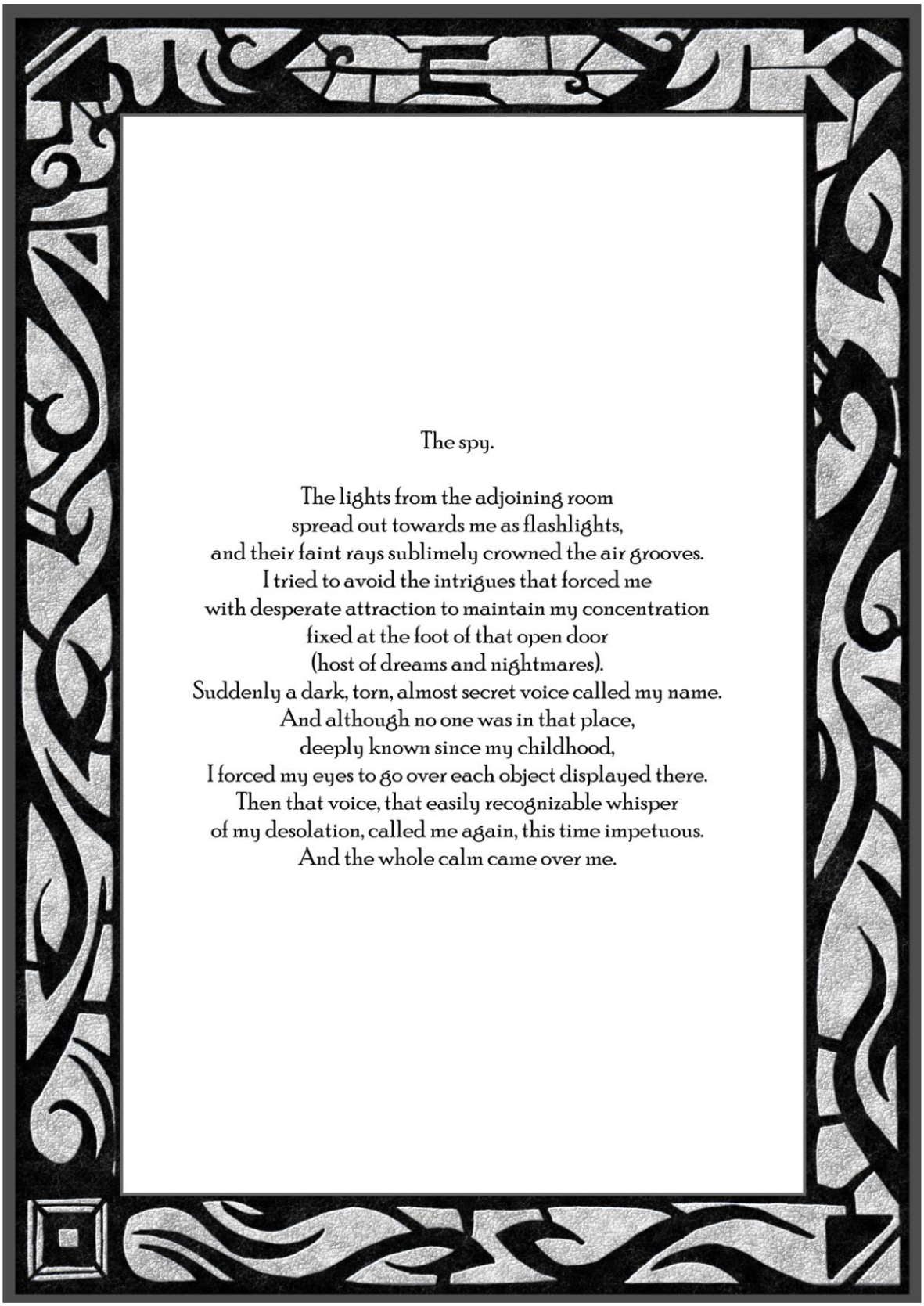




Specter.

Someone has pronounced the words, lit the incenses,
performed the dances.
You may believe it or not, but my bones are what you hear
in the profound night. I wish I could sleep among the dead,
but I am present everywhere, in the woods,
in the lands and in the seas.
In the birdsong, in the nectar of flowers but
also in the shed blood, in the abysses
and in what dwells within the abysses.
Yet you struggle, as one who in their madness
believes they discerns the whims of Lachesis.
Listen, it's my bones.
Someone has pronounced the words,
lit the incenses, performed the dances.





The spy.

The lights from the adjoining room
spread out towards me as flashlights,
and their faint rays sublimely crowned the air grooves.
I tried to avoid the intrigues that forced me
with desperate attraction to maintain my concentration
fixed at the foot of that open door
(host of dreams and nightmares).
Suddenly a dark, torn, almost secret voice called my name.
And although no one was in that place,
deeply known since my childhood,
I forced my eyes to go over each object displayed there.
Then that voice, that easily recognizable whisper
of my desolation, called me again, this time impetuous.
And the whole calm came over me.



Light and shadow.

I used to survive to the cruelty of light, with dignity and even
with splendor. But now the shadows enshroud me
with their halo, picture me with their charm.
Whisper me sweet lies.
Compassionate halo, pious before the decrepitude of the flesh.
What a deep sadness, that of the sons of the sun.
Its light, its loving light, that in the past caressed my face
inspiring intrigues of ambitious and crazy dreams,
today burn my face, hurt it.
With the most profound contempt hurts me, without even
noticing how much its hurts me.

And among the delirious flames of the imminent sunset,
as furtive chants, your words reach me.
Bewitch me, enshroud me me, and with naive eagerness
make me to believe that maybe even they love me.

A light beam is projected.
Gleaming whirlwind of particles propagating
through space without depression. Its electromagnetic spectrum,
perhaps brings in whispers the secrets of other worlds.
Perhaps its photons propagate through space our
most intimate secrets.
They may even talk about your eyes and my eyes.



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"Alchemy of pain"



Tamara Picardo
Oulu, Finland.
2016



ISBN #: 978-1-365-37406-7
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Translation corrections by Pedro Ceriotti.



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